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# ediTORial



As I am here writing this editorial the month of September has started and our troops are heading into the month of history. Every so many years a situation appears on the horizon with aspects of world domination. The names have been different through the ages, but the quest has always been the same. Now, it is the desert and cities of Iraq, a battle rages on for the liberation and freedom of another oppressed society.

It is also being fought by Americans, like you and I, whose are fighting and dying to uphold the freedom of the U.S.A.

It's been less than two years ago the World Trade Center was attacked by a terrorist country and now the threat is right at our doorsteps again. We cannot let what happened on that early September morning in 2001 happen again. The world has changed, but we the people of the United States of America will carry on! Sooner or later it is better to see that our fears now rather than later. I have always been a peace loving person, but when the situation of the U.S. starts taking in our own backyards and streets, it is time to take a stand.

I have my disaster movie, science fiction films and enjoy talking about them with fellow fans. I love the fact that I can disagree with someone and have my own point of view. I love the fact that I can wear my hat anyway I want and can dress anyway I want, I think we all want our country to stay great. Peace!

All things said, I'd like to move on to one of the pleasures I have being a writer of the U.S.A. This 10th issue of Chiller Theatre, in my opinion is one of our best yet! It is chock full of very informative articles, reviews, photos, and all the other great goodies that a great reviewer magazine should have! Special thanks to all the writers in this issue. The amazing cover artwork from, The Thing From Another World by Chiller's own favorite artist, Jeff Pitman! It is mind boggling! His work of colors is just out of this world! (And, yes, that's our friend Bob Burns, not Dan Ruchbach at the bottom!)

Once again I'd like to dedicate this issue to my favorite little women, my daughters Sara Jane and Susan. They have both become huge Harry Potter fans since the first movie has come out and enjoy reading the novels as well! I think that the movies are pretty cool myself and they remind me of the types of films I enjoyed growing up! I would like to give a special thanks to Dr Skull for all the help in the last of Chiller cover! (and, not, work, work!) Kudos for Ted and Blamie!

For the long sleepless nights working on the magazine I would also like to thank my very good friend Joe Girardi for everything that he has done for me. I was shocked when at the passing of his dad, Michael. The tears and thoughts of his entire staff go out to you my friend!

We also mourn the loss of one of our with the passing of Jonathan Adams. Our sincere condolences go out to his family, friends and fans.

The lights are now dimming again so grab your seat, lock up your feet and bury your head in that bag of box of battered pages. The 10th feature is about to start!

## MINITORIAL



Thanks to the usual suspects for making the rest of us reach grab our hat. I always wanted to attend one of Bob Burns Horror Moviecon shows and now we all can with the release of his special DVD. Bob has done his homework in the past regarding and hopefully it will be considered either in the months in the meantime, check out the coverage of his show in this issue reprinted.

Synopsis Films should finally release the 30th Anniversary DVD of THE DEADLY SWAMP sometime around July. I have asked Don Ray more and more what and more of the other cast and crew members are playing up interesting material every day. I even found the original screen test done in 1959! Check the Synopsis website for updates: [www.synopsisfilms.com](http://www.synopsisfilms.com)

Also, thanks to my friends at CCCC for making me feel right at home in all my Houston start adventures!

Big thanks to me, Ray and his team at Line 8. Yore for all the fantastic hugs!

**Ted A. Bahus**  
*Keep things as sweet as Sugar!*

To all of you that I wish you success,  
 with you, with your future!

Editor-In-Chief  


The "Creature Gang" at FrightVision. What a pleasure hanging out with a class act like Julia Adams & Blamie!



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The following year, Barbara's last motion picture was released as understated crime comedy entitled *MY WOMAN / MY MAN*, directed by cult movie master, Edgar G. Ulmer. Barbara was totally convincing as a cold, high-class singer and connoisseur of champagne flutes with a hard-boiled cop (played by Paul Langton) to try to prove her innocence. Though Payton performed well in the picture, it was not a success, and her acting career screeched to a halt. That same year, Barbara took a new lover—a black man from the other side of town who made his presence known to her neighbors by roaring through the grounds of her compound. Betty Hahn critic on a motorcycle. Barbara continued climbing her nose in contempt by moving him in other home and orchestrating the couple's splashy arrival at several Hollywood parties. Her reckless flaunting of their bi-racial relationship aroused the industry's fury, making her persona more exotic and free for all.

In his book, *BOY THE BRASS / I KNOW*, author Carlo Pire mentions an affair with Payton that took place in the months following the demise of her acting career. Pire, a failed actor turned script slapping

screenwriter, was a close pal of Marlon Brando—and a raging heroin addict. His long-term use of the drug had destroyed his acting and writing careers, and by the mid-1940s, he was in the periphery of the business, serving as a dialogue coach and glorified gofer for his unconventional friend. Pire claims to have rented an apartment from Barbara during a time when he was trying to shake drugs and who was residing in the beautiful Beverly Hills mansion that she had acquired following her divorce from Francis Ford. A mutual friend had introduced them to her, and after proving what he refers to as Barbara's "fascinated skepticism" of him, Pire took up residence in the tiny pool house on her estate. He documented his happy moments riding down Sunset Boulevard in Barbara's Pontiac's red Cadillac convertible with her and her showgirl friend Mollie, whom he describes as "two gorgeous-looking broads."



# Hollywood BAD GIRL BARBARA PAYTON Midnight Angel In Flames By John O'Dowd PART 2

While in California some herding was done during the winter. From nearby wandering over to the main house every individual usually seeing Barbara performing on a stage on the balcony on the living room floor. He also witnessed Barbara's sexually unattractive nature and how she progressed from appearing as a beautiful girl moving at 24 in with an attraction for what he calls, "the specialty." From facts that appeared, she was interested only in money. There was something off center about this girl—not sexually but in some strange fashion she seemed to drive men insane.

Carlo From admits that the 24 in was from Barbara was actually the only time when they departed from their land-lady/tenant relationship. He goes on to describe how Martin Brands visited Payton's home often during the time he lived there and really knew her and Barbara watched Brands receive the Academy Award for his *OH JAIL WATERPROOF* performance on her television. In conclusion From laments the day when he was forced to leave the estate after only a few months, "when Barbara's illness suddenly collapsed."

Later that year Barbara lost her Beverly Hills mansion under a stipulation of appeal bills and was arrested that October for passing bad checks at Hollywood's Lagoon Locker. In order to buy better newspapers reported that, "A messy and double-chained Payton was at least 60 lbs. overweight and wearing skin-tight black corsets, pants and a belting blouse when she was carted off in the police station to be booked." Once there, Barbara "snuggled" for newspaper photographers, laughing and kidding around as if the arrest was a huge joke to her. She appeared drugged at her trial and smothered when she was fined \$100 and given a 90-day suspended jail sentence after pleading insanity. In 1946 a female gossip columnist with a lot of clout in Hollywood—a woman who heard Barbara—started a campaign to destroy what little was left of her reputation by exposing many of the actress's character flaws in a series of scathing columns. The negative publicity that followed brought Barbara's ex-husband John Payton out of the woodwork with an accusation that she had been neglecting their 8-year old son (who had been living with her since the early part of the decade). Among Captain Payton's long list of complaints was that Barbara had constantly



Payton speaking to the press following her travel with boyfriend Tote Neal in London

straight out of a Roy Hunter long opera. Payton whined and doled out to get in a school, with a snappy gag in it ready, waterflood bar—when the fallen star fell in a mixed-powder and accompanied by a baritone piano player performed a selection of showy torch songs. A wobbly and glumly-eyed Payton wandered among a hysteric, passing crowd of field hands and it's dramatic, and most likely revived in this latest burst of attention. However, the job quickly fell to the dust when Barbara wanted something up for work too drunk to perform. Rinks and drawing in royal whiskey, the couple began arguing, each blaming the other for their mounting misadventure. A hot up Barbara left Kim Ray and George From in early 1939 and revealed the doctored report of Helen Springs, whom she hoped to change her back and land himself, "a big one." Bob Lippert, a comedian acting for once visiting, sitting at the bar at the Palm Springs Riviera Hotel. Old friends from her days at Lippert Pictures, Barbara told her former boss spoke only briefly. "It was obvious to me she wasn't there in socialism," says Lippert. "Barbara looked terrible—very coarse and haggard and heavily made-up. I looked at her hands, and there was dirt under her fingernails. I remember thinking, 'What happened to this girl?' Later that night, the barmaid told me that Barbara was working out of the hotel bar as a 100-a-night hooker."

Shaking her head in disbelief Bob Lippert adds "Barbara blew it. She had everything going for her, the world at her feet, and she blew it."

Barbara's stay at the Palm Springs Riviera was short lived, as her bored and puffily appeased presented her from achieving much trade in a town overflowing with beautiful women. Once hotel management heard about her sex-free business venture she was promptly escorted from the premises. Like the powerful phoenix, Barbara rose from the ashes of her latest disaster and tucked a robe north on the hot, desert winds. A random-they genre harkens wandering the Wild West, she twiddled down to



Nevada, working schlock for a while in the shiny gambling town of Sinclight, located several miles outside Las Vegas near the California border. Barbara dated a gambler with much less to offer the diamondy actors in her autobiography, *Dark Pastures*. In order to survive, she spent most nights—though they lived not in the best environment of the Palm Springs Riviera, but in a furnished apartment over a casino. For Barbara, it was a long way from Beverly Hills to what surely seemed the hazyland spot on cards. Sinclight and “Dark Pastures” ultimately proved to be little more than momentary bliss on Payton’s twisted road map of existence. Within months, she was back on the road—with Hollywood, again, her destination.

In August, 1938, at 30, a revitalized Barbara Payton resurfaced in town and called a press conference to announce her divorce from George Payton, and to put the word out that she was officially receiving her moving money. Tamed, then and looking slightly less like a tropical tent, she had managed somehow to pull herself together in five the sparest hotel room. Sitting on a tiny table with her stem bent up, Barbara quickly dodged three more scorching berbs and pushed the champagne quotient for all it was worth. When asked by one journalist what had brought her back to Hollywood, her response was laconic, at best. To a round of derisive and rib-poking laughter, Barbara would her momentary happiness, crossed her legs and declared, “The same as my pants were creased again!”

With an Barnage, a hard-core young actor working in Hollywood in the late 1930s, met Payton that fall at an elegant dinner party hosted by her longtime attorney Milton Golden and his wife, Charlotte. As a courtesy to Barbara’s smoldering and almost scandalous new lover, Barnage recalls “a lovely classy rest, above all, a lady who prepared a fabulous meal for Milt and Charlotte’s pains and moved among the group as if she was ‘the master here.’ Barbara had the most beautiful, crystal-blue eyes and the way she listened to my every word while making constant eye contact with me was absolutely mesmerizing. In fact, she listened to me so intently that night, you would think I knew the secrets of the ages! I tell you, that beautiful, wide-eyed gaze of hers would melt any man’s heart.” The only downside to the evening, says Milt Barnage, was Milton Golden’s color film romance that Barbara attempts to find work outside the film industry—and her equally less and much less successful of the idea. Barbara was determined to re-establish herself as an actress in Hollywood, the performer-trained Barker claims. “I remember her telling Milt that she didn’t want to do anything else with



her life as the felt she wasn’t qualified to do anything else. Milt and Charlotte—who were both very fond of Barbara—were obviously beside themselves! You know although the suit always were kind to me, Barbara could also be quite wilful and defiant. She also had this one-way way of mentally blocking-out other people’s suggestions, almost like she didn’t listen, or it didn’t count. Barbara would listen intently to all the good advice Milt and Charlotte gave her and then she’d get up and get herself as trouble again. But she always did it with such much conviction! Barnage recalls a sympathetic Charlotte Golden and another dinner guest, wealthy society matron Evelyn Barnhous, giving Payton “gifts of money and clothing” that night.

Unfortunately Barbara’s plans for a film comeback died shortly. Despondent over her inability to land a single new acting job in Hollywood the following year (and Payton once again on a downward path), with her plans completely shattered, she took a series of low-paying jobs—working as a cocktail waitress in a sleazy hang-out, then as a showgirl girl in a West Hollywood beauty shop, even pumping gas for a while on Hollywood Boulevard. Her over-the-top love for the motion picture industry remained intense, at best. A lonely and morose Barbara would often accept tips from a few old-timers she had known from her days at Universal and WB—hard-drinking, third-rate cowboy actors and failed big-name players, who were, in Barbara’s words, “mad for my big breasts and womanly form.” Payton, in turn, welcomed the camaraderie of other out-of-work show girls and accepted their evident love. Snapping states in her grumpy dreads a over-slow of cheap booze: she had her party would pass out the window in the white stunts below and recall their long-lost glory days. But all the busy memories and forced laughter in the world couldn’t keep Barbara’s plummeting morale silent. Each night as the shadows turned to darkness over Hollywood, she tilted the Venetian blinds on the windows of her room, and with her profile barely lit in flashing neon from the street light below, Barbara shed her clothes for liquor and rent money. Frustrated that she had been failed from making the comeback, she had hoped for the quickly eyed her alcohol intake, gained back the weight she lost, and watched her beauty disappear, this time, for good. Tattered suits and bikini tops gave way to filthy culture and driving games she left on her days. Finally rendered unemployable—and desperate—due to her alcoholism, Barbara at last gave up the fight and descended on the streets of Hollywood.

By 1940 Barbara Payton found herself hopelessly addicted to



Hours before her drunken collapse on stage at the Derby Lane Summer Theatre, Payton, 36, arrives at Chicago Airport with boyfriend Tom Neal in 1940



Paul Langton and Barbara in *Murder in My Back* (1940)



Barbara following her 1940 arrest for possessing bad checks at Hollywood’s Luper Lodge, with her attorney Milton Golden



Barbara is a Hollywood police station following her arrest for prostitution on Sunset Blvd.



Barbara, 35, after her arrest for public drunkenness in 1962.



Actress John Mayberry in 1962, a Skid Row lover of Peyton's in the 1960s.

58 year old Tom Neal upon his release from prison in 1972. He died a few months later from an apparent heart attack.



...and I, then, and back, street bars, Long gone were the plush suites and walled gardens that once known as the Beverly Hills Hotel—replaced now by Elgin, five-story motel rooms overlooking asphalt city limits in downtown L.A. Gone, too, were the fancy dinner dates at Ciro's that ended in some movie-star's pink bedroom and luxurious four-poster bed—replaced now by sexual encounters in bars, they played like scenes lifted from the paintings of Hieronymus Bosch. Barbara had fallen into the uncertainty of an inner-city urban pit—and straight into her own Hell On Earth. With her platinum-blond hair bleached white, and her lips and fingernails painted the color of blood crimson, a bloated Barbara Peyton was often seen diving up and down the Sunset Strip in her usual, red convertible, cruising for "dates." As her expensive Monte beauty contingent to evade under the camera's scrutiny, she watched her asking price decline: from \$100 to \$40, and finally—probably—no \$5 a trick. She became a willing—some say, eager—participant of the "five-minute, five dollar date" quick encounters on Sunset Boulevard and left no backs to throw, many parked with their motors running. The women who once earned \$10,000 a week as a housewife Hollywood movie star, was still in Hollywood, dispensing credit, carhenge sex—where the names and histories of her dates were neither discussed nor required. Barbara would frequently have sex with these men, and in her confused and hungry-looking face, forget to collect any money from them afterward. She had entered the Devil's Lane and stood helplessly in the darkness of that world, watching her.

On February 7, 1962, Barbara was busted for prostitution when she approached an undercover cop in a bar on Sunset Boulevard and invited him to her apartment for sex. Reporters from the L.A. TIMES were waiting to photograph her arrival at the police station and the rather wanting images they caught that night show a life completely out-of-control. Clad in a soiled, stained work coat, and with her said, doe eyes resembling those of a human animal, Peyton appears drawn, distraught and "spaced-out"—and nothing like the woman who had once been. Though far away and glazed with her eyes that night held the reflection of a million faded dreams.

By August 1962, worldwide plans to see Marilyn Monroe was dead. The occurrence—shocking, yet in retrospect, inevitable—likely pushed Barbara's own self-destructive road into advanced overdrive. With the passing of our premier sex goddess, Barbara was rewarded not only of her own mortality, but also of how much the universally-beloved Monroe had meant to the world at large—and of how little she had affected it. It's clearly evident that following

Marilyn Monroe's death, Barbara's life of woes only worsened as she rushed headlong toward what seemed to be an inescapable and unknown destiny.

Peyton, 35, was faced in the headlines that summer with her complaint that she had been beaten and raped in a vacant lot by a gang of teenage boys. Accompanied by her writers, a middle-aged man in a hotel room where the police report described as "a disheveled and companion of the victim", a detective Barbara arrived at the Windsor Hotel police station, making of boxer and wearing only a bathing suit, a sweater and a pair of gold slippers. She was reportedly covered with bruises and human hair marks, and was missing several front teeth. No arrests were ever made in an attack the newspapers would only call "a mystery beating." The

next day, her name made the papers again when she was found passed-out on a bus stop bench on Sunset Boulevard. Barbara, battered, and in the same white bathing suit, was, according to news accounts, "incapacitated and in an agitated state when awakened" and was arrested for public drunkenness. Incredibly, another arrest followed a week later when she drove a wild afternoon party in her apartment—while naked—and tumbled with two police officers when they showed up to investigate. Barbara was charged with drunk and disorderly conduct and was later released on twenty-one dollar bail.

In keeping with her ongoing flirtation with scandal, things got even worse in the fall of 1962 when Barbara was knifed by one of her jobs and received thirty-eight stitches for the stab wound. ("Thirty-eight stitches from my thirty-belly down... how she put it! Her doctors were down to their chins in their stupidity. It was a very clear cut, but I think it happened on a under black shirt somewhere in the Valley. Some fifty drunk got mad at me when I wouldn't do what he wanted." Guess I gotta be more careful in the future." After news of the incident spread through Hollywood, a paperback publisher



58 year old Barbara during her brief stint at Universal Studios. She was fired for following Bob Hope around the country as his unofficial "groupie."



A 1963 movie shot of 38-year-old Barbara in her room at the Jet Set Motel in Hollywood

Following a brief blast of fame, it sank without a trace.

Payton soon moved into what proved to be one of the worst of her later-day Hollywood addresses. Her new home was the shabby Wilcox Hotel, a remnant of famed lives on the corner of Yucca and Wilcox—an area of town described cynically by underground film maker Mark Boggs as “the saddest spot in the universe.” A foreboding and desolate block of burned-out and boarded-up buildings, it is the same 51st Row section of Hollywood where infamous, cross-dressing film director Ed Wood and former “Little Rascals”-turned-punkie Matthew “Sydney” Board lived at the tail-end of their lives. Boggs, well-known on the west coast for his scores of graphic crime and scandal documentaries, describes the area as being akin to the kind of wasteland left standing after an atomic war. “It’s where (ridiculously actor) Victor Kilian was chased down and beaten to death by jockeys for his television act,” he gossipyly says. “And in that very same area, two broken-down found abandoned at the Motel 6. This area of Hollywood is the absolute bottom of the barrel. Wilcox and Yucca. YUCCA is right! Poor Barbara!”

In her one-way slide into Hollywood Hell, Barbara Payton had gone from cheap motel rooms on the Sunset Strip to a ghetto Hollywood where she scrounged beneath piles of trash. Early the former star of such horror fare as *MYDE OF THE CRYSTAL* and *FOUR-KING TRIANGLE* had ended up in a real life House of Horrors—the kind of place where guests had toched double-bunked doors, and fortunate to a street symphony of wailing police sirens and screams-in-the-night.

Payton was earning \$10,000 a week when she attended this Hollywood premiere with her friend Princess Tina. Four years later she sold this fur coat and several others to pay for a \$200.00 bar tab she owed.



named Leo Chail tracked Barbara down to introduce her memoirs for a book project. Unfortunately, the resulting “autobiography” titled *I AM NOT AN ANGEL* was a muddled and unattractive piece of junk that did little to reconstruct Barbara’s emotional and financial troubles. The book was published in 1963 to minimal public reaction, but did receive some criticism from industry observers, many of whom had little sympathy for a life they believed Barbara had actively chosen.

While living at the Wilcox Hotel, Barbara began a brief affair with a down-and-out TV actor named John Rayburn. An ex-Marine sergeant who served a Purple Heart for injuries sustained while fighting the Japanese on the Island of Saipan during World War II, Rayburn had married over 100 times—most of them during the post-war golden years in the ‘50s, but by the early 1960s, he had fallen on hard times. “I wish I think, he was now... A lying

thieving, no-good son of a bitch, hooked on cheap gin parties and 157 rags. For several months, Barbara and I lived up in that god-awful Wilcox dump where we drank all day, screamed, wrote poems and talked about religion. Barbara wasn’t using heroin during that time but we both drank like there was no tomorrow. I laid around on my ass like a bum while she turned tricks to support us. I remember the room smelling like bodies, dirty bodies and even stiffer sex. Real nice life, huh?”

An unforgivingly cruel John Rayburn recalls, “Barbara thought she deserved everything but that had happened to her in her life. She believed all those things the papers had always said about her—that she was fat, wicked, evil woman—and she wanted to punish herself.” By then, it was all about her carrying on in a sleazy and demeaning way in order to numb her feelings of self-hatred. And the second-inferior for attention, was kind of attention of bad. And so long as people noticed her I can remember her sometimes standing at the window of our room and pulling off her leg to display her breasts to all the people down on the street. And we’d both laugh about it. I mean, is that painful, or what? Barbara once told me that Hollywood had used her all up, and then when it was all finished with her, threw her out to the curb. “Like yesterday’s trash.” You know over the years there have been a lot of bad things that have been said about Barbara Payton—and granted, she often showed a terrible lack of judgment—but I think it’s important to let people know that she was an extremely misaligned person who just gave up. Barbara had a lot of problems and was quite cynical by the time she came into my life, but she had a good heart [sighs]. I loved her.” John Rayburn’s short-lived affair with Payton was obviously doomed from the start and he eventually left her behind at the Wilcox Hotel and found a better life, far away from show business and Hollywood. (He has been in recovery from his alcoholism since 1976.) To this day, when happened to Barbara still haunts me,” he says, sadly. “I remember her telling me once, ‘My life is so messed up and I don’t know what to do.’ How I wish now that I could have helped her.”

Following the end of her brief fling, Barbara resumed her use of heroin and was soon evicted from the Wilcox Hotel. Lost, emotionally ill, and with now her in turn, she made her way back to the Sunset Strip and began living a hard-to-rough existence in a vulgar’s nest of ramsholes, hot-therm mostly along Sunset and Wilcox and Sunset and Highland Avenue. Horrible place—side with cheap digs, gang broods and similar violent activities, many of these matches had pseudo-tropic names (The Sunset Palace, The Hollywood Sunset Lanes, The Highland-Pacific Palms, The Hollywood Tropics, The Sunset Sands) that sold nothing of the unique that occurred daily behind their garish neon signs. Barbara bounced between cheap concrete dumpsites for a



A and B shooting photo of Barbara which appeared in Confidential Magazine in the mid-60s

Barbara and her attorney Milton Golden during her second divorce from Princess Tina (1962)



while before coming to rest for several months at The Hollywood Palace. Most, located on the north side of Sunset Boulevard, just east of Highland Avenue. Aylea cringed living with a particularly vicious blend of druggies, dopers and thieves: the motel's grounds housed a wood-floored parking lot dotted with plants, palm trees, and a swimming pool as filthy, the L.A. Health Department later condemned it. Barbara had landed in a place devoid of the barest amenities, where even the most macho men were routinely killed for their pocket change. Says former Payton friend Bill Barnige: "Paula around town was that there was I want a pay phone on the grounds. Apparently Pacific Bell would replace the one that had been there because it was consistently vandalized. Management of the place was almost non-existent. How did Barbara ever survive that hellhole? Pure baby, she must have been the epitome of all time." Despite her extremely poor health, Barbara obtained a job at the motel, on the housekeeping staff, where she changed bed sheets and cleaned toilets in exchange for a free room. In her most hard moments, the reality of all that must have scared her very real.

Not surprisingly, Barbara's time living in a Bird Box chambermaid was extremely short-lived: the poison that her desire to survive—in the aforementioned unhelpful way—was her desire to define herself, and Barbara continued down a path of total degradation. Propelled by a raging mania-obsession led by her self-loathing, low self-esteem and delirium, she turned hell-boat on destroying her life. Finding herself firmly ensnared in a bereavement of lost and wasted words, Barbara watched an endless stream of boulevard psychos and delirious crows a path to her bed in a gray, featureless parade. A famous recipe for the worst kind of sexual sex is imaginable: she handled it by drinking non-stop and flung on trash until she was nearly comatose. Often, after she'd fix—no, and whenever she managed to scrounge up a few extra bucks—she'd hitchhike or walk to her favorite hangout, The Coach and Horses Bar, and make out a corner booth. A solitary figure hunched over a shot glass, arranging out Barbara sat in the shadows beneath the bar's blacked-out drapes, and drank herself into oblivion. The bartender's son, author Robert Potts, recalls her last appearance in *ON THE MUGS: WATERS ON MOVIE ACTRESS* (Barbara Payton: A Memoir). "She seemed drugged even before she ordered a drink. Her eyebrows didn't match her pretty hair. Her face displayed a perpetual contort, a ring of veins by her nose. Her last was swelling, and she carried an old man's girthily that slumped heavily when she moved. She must have weighed 200 pounds. Barbara would land at the bar every Friday night at eleven and remain there until closing time. Then, in her pool clogs and stained, oversized dressing gown, she would stagger to the street to walk, or hitch a ride, home—always alone, and three sheets to the wind.

Barbara continued her journey through a kind of twilight world that with each passing day grew ever darker and more surreal. The nightmare continued when she was picked up for shoplifting at a local five-and-dime store, and arrested upon her presentation. Then, in 1963, 38-year-old Barbara turned a dark corner in her own personal downward spiral when she was pulled on drug charges. And only on a man's prison trip, she was seen climbing down a hallway as a Hollywood model and was later busted by an LAPD Sheriff's detective when he found drug paraphernalia in her room. Smearing profusely and appearing mostly out of it, Barbara was charged with possession of heroin and a hypodermic syringe. Remind La Joe Louisa recalls the mad, tormented woman—"looking very bad. That place she was staying at was a real snake pit, the worst in twenty years. And Barbara, she was just a wreck totally. She was missing a lot of teeth, and her nose was open some, all over her face, and hands, both wrists signs of heroin abuse. Let me tell you, I was in the 'poor' a long time and I saw a lot of things, but I don't remember ever seeing anyone sink as low as Barbara Payton did." Due to California's criminal and some civil legal malfeasance, the heroin possession charges against Payton later disappeared in a matter of real time, allowing Barbara to once again resume her

swallowing mouth and dinner.

A former pre-war model and her play in 1940's B film members, knowing the debauching night on a star, and would Payton staggering along Hollywood Boulevard and whom—like some ghoulish, hollow, eyed specter—the "thing herself" at a part of stranger and delirious. "Can you believe it?" in books. *Parade*. Clinging to the barest fragments of her Roman Catholic faith, Barbara kept a tiny statue of St. Jude in the pocket of her jeans, and would often take it out in The Coach and Horses Bar and talk to it—drugging one minute, praying the next. The mid 1960's when Barbara Payton's life is more.

It goes without saying that America in the 1950's and early 60's was a conservative place—probably socially and sexually. Payton's stars in absolutely the worst-case scenarios of what happened in that era to individuals—particularly women—who believed they could play the Hollywood game with their own set of rules and win. Clearly, no show has ever ingested more than Barbara Payton, a filmmaker with greater force the unimpaired youth. Old Hollywood inflicted on those who challenged its canon some unwritten code of behavior. Once she came up against the movie's top gun, and he called her off to be number fully and retirement women whose on-screen-national lifestyle held little regard for the usual norms of the day, she had been summarily disowned from its loving fold. Even if her greatest sin was simply being an unorthodox nonconformist on the wrong side of society's double standard, Hollywood is often a cruel and unimpaired machine—especially to Barbara Payton. Decades almost erode the town's collective pleasure at the thought of breaking her, and its satisfaction when her subsequent troubles found her exile from the industry. It is therefore not surprising that, by the 1960s, when she desperately needed help for her addiction—and salvation from her miserable existence—there would be little help forthcoming from anyone in Hollywood. When asked what the prevailing opinion of Barbara was in those days, a film producer who was acquainted with her rather ungenerously replied, "Look, she was a hooker with a hooker's mentality, even when she first started out. Everyone thinks Barbara turned to hooking home on



Preschool Yoda guest starred on such game shows as *The Twilight Zone*, *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*, and *Run For Your Life* before dying of cancer in 1968

in her life, but I see men for you. She was a real girl before she started her acting career! Barbara was a real hanging, much up star. For years I've heard, "Don't read her life, she did it man her life. She me and her! Everything was always a big-time job to her. She just loved to see up the star and it's on the way she played both of them (Tony and Sherry). Almost to God, I can't find anything good to say about her. She was a pig, a whore who got her kids pranking people around. She got everything she deserved." One strongly suspect that I asked for her opinion of the Hollywood boys who wooed, dated and bedded Barbara many of whom were successful, that gentleman's response would be infinitely less harsh and far more charitable.

Amazingly, though completely addled by her daily intake of booze and drugs, Payton still harbored dreams of returning to her old glory days. Those who saw her hitchhiking on Sunset Boulevard in the mid 1960's recall a woman consumed by an unreciprocated mix of bitterness, sorrow and hope. It was almost as if she had slipped herself in a protective blanket of self-delusion, one that precluded any chance for honest introspection or recovery. Baroque entrepreneur Skip L. Lowe frequently spotted her panhandling in town during this time and would sometimes stop to talk to her. He remembers a momentous anger in her that was accompanied by a heart-breaking plea for assistance. "Barbara blamed Hollywood for everything that had happened to her, and was proud off that she had been forgotten," Lowe says. "And yet, despite this, the womanly behavior she could be a star again and was consistently asking for advice on how she could 'make it back to the top.'" As her former attorney, Milton Golden, once testified: To those who have looked at her, many people must view a form of slow death." Denying the many self-inflicted torments of her life, Barbara may have felt the

could make it back, but was more tragically consumed by an ongoing war. Obviously, perhaps, the end to her misery is now sight.

When Barbara Payton was found unconscious in the parking lot at Thrift's Drug Store in February 1967, she had been living on the streets for several weeks, languishing in the wreckage of her destroyed life. After it was determined by the LAPD that there had been no foul play involved in the incident, and that Barbara's bloody face and bruises had resulted from her hitting the pavement head-on, the garbage dumpster after an all-night bout of drinking, she was admitted to an inpatient detoxification ward in L. A. County General Hospital. Fully, and with her stomach badly devoured from her fasting liver, she was diagnosed as suffering from "chronic alcoholic psychosis, malnutrition and over-exposure to the elements." It is believed that immediately following her hospitalization, Barbara—battered and broke, her liver now irreversibly ravaged by cirrhosis, and in constant physical pain—was taken by a security guard working in her parents' home in the beautiful Malibu Hills section of San Diego.

Unfortunately, Pip and Mabel Redfield had long buried their own problems, with alcohol abuse and then left helplessness against the storm magnitude of their daughter's rapidly deteriorating condition. At arrival upon her arrival at their home, Barbara's self-destruction continued unabated, helped along by her parents' willingness to get drunk with her. A man named Lee Westman, whose mother lived next door to the Redfields, remembers not only that Barbara's parents were unemployed and living off their savings when she came to live with them, but also that the two seemed to be on a constant bender. Westman recalls that it was clearly obvious that in addition to her physical deterioration, Payton's mental health had been gravely affected by the many years on previous self abuse. At once paranoid, combative—and completely dependent, Barbara's afflictions had reached a better toll on her state of mind. While in her parents' dubious care and with no constraints in place, her drinking spiral accelerated to the point where she was drunk from morning to night.

On April 23rd, Barbara was involved in an automobile accident where she hit a parked car in the corner of Fort Stockton Drive and Stephens Road, just a few blocks from the Redfield home. The San Diego Police Department's traffic investigation report noted that she was neither hurt at the 1:15 p.m. crash—nor was she charged with drunk driving. The incident proved to be an ominous prelude to a deterioration that was far approaching. Thirteen days later, on the afternoon of May 16th, the curtain made its final descent on Barbara's sad and tragic drama.

According to the San Diego County Coroner's report, Barbara had been sleeping on her parents' living room couch for several hours when she suddenly awoke at 1:30 p.m. and complained to them that she wasn't feeling well. Seeing that there was something seriously wrong going on inside of her body, she staggered to the bathroom, and as she went began muttering in absolute agony. Mabel immediately rushed to her daughter's side only to find her slumped over the toilet and already on the threshold of death. By the time an ambulance and the San Diego police arrived at the Redfield's True Street home, Barbara's long, anxious journey had ended a slightly with her painful death from heart and liver failure. It was two days before the authorities, staid and who the deceased was—or had once been—for Barbara's bloated and gruesome appearance prevented any easy recognition of her from her movie-star days. Although she died ten months shy of her 37th birthday, one officer noted that, in death, "Barbara Payton looked like a woman twenty years older than her reported age." Her 20-year-old son John, whom Barbara had seen infrequently every six years, was serving in the Vietnam War at the time of his mother's death.

Although it was tactfully reported in her back page obituary that Payton had died from natural causes, it seems more likely that her death was, in reality, a vision and anguish suicide that began the day she left her small-town Midwestern life in 1947 for the hollowed grounds of Hollywood Babylon. In a town built on greed, broken promises and lies, Barbara availed herself of its riches, and then watched each one of her dreams disappear before her overwhelmed by a life of wretched care, ego, and her own self-loathing pain. She died alone—a crushed and broken woman.

*"Hollywood's low life Egypt. Fall of crumbling pyramids.  
If I never come back, I'd just keep on crumbling and finally  
the wind blows the last crumb deep across the sands."*

So wrote the legendary Hollywood producer David O. Selznick, in his last appraisal of the love that Barbara had revealed in A Town that for her once held the promise of a luminous future and fortune, but instead quickly became a *Plague of Love*. In my own years, Barbara's story has come to symbolize the dream state of world film star glimmers—the ultimate Hollywood dream gone ultimately wrong. Somewhere in her amazing story of incredible sadness and pain lies a strong cautionary tale for the countless young women who, in this day, continue to leave their small hometowns for Hollywood and for the lure of its spotlight. They might do well to learn the sage of the cold and beautiful Barbara Payton—taking careful notice of her mistakes and—especially—of the tragic final outcome of her life. Surely her story though unpleasant, has tremendous potential in preventing other aspiring actresses from making such far mistakes in their own lives. With that in mind, we might consider naming Barbara Payton Graduate Director of all Hollywood Starlets. In this way it is feared she won't ever be forgotten again. And that, in its certain, would make her happy at last.

In the crumbling wasteland of this modern day Babylon, the unburying Spirit Ann would follow the remains of Barbara Payton's shattered dreams across the Sunset Strip. Somewhere on that road are the burning wheels of Barbara's economy. From I AM NOT AFRAID—"I remember the night I walked into the Presidential box at the opera with my trunk, clutching tight the pistol and the gun on the arm of the handsome Frankfort Train. And then everybody looked at me with such admiration. I remember how, at a promise of my own movie during which I was paid one hundred thousand dollars, the press fought to talk to me. I could tell you stories of those wonderful years when the public address system at a film premiere announced "Mrs. Barbara Payton's car." Miss Barbara Payton's car." And there I stood with blusher cheeks cheering me, and the world's most handsome men on my arm. But, I was really something."

That, she was.

John O'Dowd is the author of the upcoming biography entitled "FROM THE LETTER TO THE GUTTER: THE RISE AND FALL OF HOLLYWOOD STAR BARBARA PAYTON," which contains over 200 photos of the actress. Payton's life story is also the subject of a theatrical feature film currently in development in Los Angeles.





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The year 1954 represented the dawn of modern cinematic features in cinema. The two films released that year took cinema firmly established the genre as a potent medium for 50s. The first was *The Thing* released in April 1954 with a release in 2001.

Since they compensated for with a halfhearted advertising campaign. The second film was *The Day The Earth Shook* itself which had a bigger budget, featured familiar names in the cast and was released five months later. Both films centered on an alien from an unidentified planet arriving on Earth. The concept in *The Thing* seems collectible and lives on human blood, becoming a threat to Earth's inhabitants, while the version in *The Day The Earth Shook* appears human-like in form as a messenger of peace. Both films became classics of the genre, but it was *The Thing* which began analysis of science fiction films featuring aliens and bug-eyed monsters which tell the stories to this day.

The stories of *The Thing* began a dozen years earlier in 1939 when a poem appeared in magazine "Amazing Science Fiction" called "Who Goes There?" by John W. Campbell, Jr. The story involved a group of American soldiers and scientists who discovered an alien creature from an ice north station in 1948. producer director Howard Hawks has seen the story in a B&W while filming *I Was a Slave Boy* (made in Germany). Hawks whose career began in the silent period established his reputation during the succeeding 30s and 40s with landmark

directors like *John Ford* and war-bell comedies like *My Girl Friday* and *Neptune's Daughter*. Hawks interest in *The Thing* started and started in 1940. Hawks pushed the story from the author for 1940.

After having success with *Charles Chaplin* and *Ben Hur* Hawks took on the screenplay changes were made in 1941. The film making described as a low budget, low budget 1940s, has great effects, seems like writhing blue hair, fire, and possesses the ability to absorb living things, and their personalities. In this manner embodying with the intention of taking us at the world? Because Hawks's company (Wolfehouse Pictures) couldn't afford the special effects to make such a monstrous creature, but the success. Hawks decided to make his creature a more *Earthling-like* creature, yet possessing an out of the world appearance. For this role,

Hawks casted 67.

James Arness, a blonde haired actor who had been

Keep Watching the Skies

THE  
THING

FROM ANOTHER WORLD  
REVISITED

By Bojak



working on and off the RKO lot since 1947, mainly as small roles.

Another significant change was the addition of a romance, interest, rather, was prominent in the original story to the person of former model Margaret Sheridan, who got up talking in the film and was under contract to Hawks since 1945. Her other contribution to the plot was to let us see an idea to destroy *The Thing* at the end.

Hawks also changed the setting of the story from an unstaffed research base in Antarctica to a military base somewhere north of the Arctic circle and included a group of scientists and military men who were at odds with each other and the alien. Inserted into the script was the political climate at the time involving the Cold War and the Russian nuclear threat.

For the role of Capt. Patrick Hensley whose hard-boiled approach to leading his men to eventually defeat a creature beyond reason's comprehension, Hawks cast 32-year-old Kenneth Tobey, a veteran of two dozen Broadway shows and over twenty films. Tobey recalls, "I had a small role in *I Was A Male War Bride* directed by Hawks who said, 'You're going to be a leading man in one of my movies.' I thought he was kidding, but three years later I learned from the trade papers he was preparing another movie. After an agent

contacted him, I was interviewed and hired on the spot! This was my first role where I had more than ten lines of dialogue in the feature."

Representing the scientific member of the group in this isolated military base actor Robert Cornthwaite was cast in the role of the suspected scientist Dr. Arthur Carrington. His growing animosity to this "great humanoid, 'vegetable' places the lives of his fellow humans in jeopardy. A veteran of radio and stage experience, Cornthwaite acted in small roles in two films before *The Thing*. The actor recalled, "My agent arranged a meal with Hawks but RKO studio head Howard Hughes played it because my agent had a convincing intellectual sound to it which the role called for. As I was to play a character 20-odd years older than myself (I was only 34 at the time), I had to arrive at the studio hairdresser's department before 7am in order to bleach my hair white. I also had a beard painted on my makeup man Lee Greenway. I tried my best to present an image of dignity and worldly experience to the role, despite the audience's sympathy diminishing toward the end when I became 'the heavy'."

The rest of the cast was filled by a no-name, but capable group of actors like Douglas Spencer (Scotty, the newspaper man), James Young (Lt. Bobby Dykes), Dewey Martin (Crew Chief Buck), Robert







Nichols (Lt. MacPherson), William Self (Corporal Burns), Edward Franz (Dr. Stern), Sally Chagrin (Mrs. Chagrin), L. Herbert Siskin (Dr. Lazarus), Edmond Brown (Dr. Andrew), John Dorian (Dr. Chapman), and George Fenneman (Rothko)

Aside from the advantage of the modest salaries of the no-name cast keeping the production's budget down, the unfamiliarity of the actor's faces added believability to the futuristic story. Cornblaw and Tobey were paid the highest salaries among the cast—\$370 a week. Actor James Arness (in his pre-TV *Gunslinger* days) was the first to be hired and was paid \$750 a week.

To build up interest in the production, Hawks attracted RKO's publicity department not to release any photos about the movie. Also, Arness was, under strict circumstances, permitted to leave the soundstage wearing his makeup. A curtain of secrecy was draped around the production. Shortly after the phenomenal success of the production, studio head Howard Hughes was persuaded by Hawks that the costume would be quite different from the usual Hollywood "Moorish" (e.g., Frankenstein's Master) and would be intriguing in a modern style. Hughes ok'd a \$10,000 budget for experiments on Arness' makeup, but three different makeup designs by RKO's makeup artist Lee Greenway, Hawks remained unsatisfied and ordered Greenway to make Arness look like a Frankenstein-like alien. Of Arness, Tobey recalled, "We felt sorry for him as he seemed self-conscious wearing that makeup and costume. When he wasn't filming his scenes, he avoided the rest of the cast and didn't join us at the commissary for lunch breaks. I thought his makeup by Lee Greenway was not as impressive as it should have been. To me he looked like an oversized guy with a green face, but I must admit his sudden appearance in the movie certainly gave me and the audience a shock when I finally saw the whole movie in the theater years later."

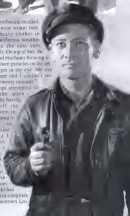
Production began filming in October 1959. The first scenes to be filmed were exterior scenes in Cut Bank, Montana, a small town 70 miles south of the Canadian border. Weather forecasts indicated that more snow fell in that town than any other place in the U.S. It thus offered weeks of waiting for snow. Hawks and his cast gave up, returned to California and filmed the exterior in the RKO ranch in the San Fernando Valley. To make the frozen wastes a huge backdrop was created to resemble an Arctic sky. The ground was covered with icepacks, salt and photographic solution which froze immediately, giving the appearance of snow.

One of the most impressive scenes was filmed there when the group discover the flying saucer beneath the ice and form a circle



around. Cornblaw recalled, "We had to wear winter hats, boots and heavy clothes in Southern California weather which made the cast very uncomfortable. One of the crew had wind machines blowing a mix of styrofoam particles on the set and a piece got in my eye. My eye began to water and I couldn't see anything for twenty minutes."

The script attempted to illustrate the alien intelligence by having him turn off the heating system in the group's quarters. So Hawks tried several experiments with a camera, a photograph of the alien's breath. To capture three human visions on film Hawks had the set rebuilt in a large ice house in downtown Los





**As beasts** The mutants, he got valuable experience by watching and listening. "Hawks never hung around for post-production of *The Thing* and Nyby later

Angie's, where the temperature stayed at 25° below. An actor later commented: "Because the temperature was below freezing, we couldn't stay inside anywhere more than 20 minutes at a time."

One of the most chilling scenes in the film occurred after the sled dogs sever one of the monster's hands and it suddenly comes to life while the subjects are examining it. For this scene Lee Greenway built several versions of the alien's hand. Artist Davey Morgan recalled: "A hole was created in the middle of the examination table by the prop department and inserted into the table, out of camera range. She slipped her hand through this opening, into the hollowed out alien's hand like a glove and slowly thumped the table in an eerie manner. To make the scene more effective, the actors were carefully grouped around the table, partially blocking the camera's view, permitting only the movement of the fingers to be seen by the audience which further added to the eeriness of the scene."

Tobey commented on Howard Hawks' working methods. "Though Christian Nyby was given directional credit on the screen, it was Howard Hawks who was the guiding hand for every bit of business throughout the making of *The Thing*—from casting, writing, getting the correct performance from the actors, etc. Though the overlapping dialogue and constant script changes threw some of the actors, it was easier for me since I was originally stage-trained. What made working on this film enjoyable was that we had the unusual opportunity to participate in improving the dialogue before we would film a scene. Hawks was patient and considerate with us and never permitted reasons on the set. To make it easier for the actors, Hawks practically shot most of the film in sequence, a practice considered too impractical for cost-conscious filmmakers, especially today."

Not to downgrade Nyby, Tobey added, "Nyby was eager on Hawks' pre-movie films and Hawks promised him a shot at directing. Nyby did get an opportunity to film a brief scene and contribute suggestions during

what was to become a capable director on television, before making a transition to directing feature films."

One of the most unforgettable sequences occurs when the creature makes his first appearance after being freed from the black of ice, bursts into the dormitory and is locked with someone, setting it off. Remembering a human touch, the creature pumps through a nearby window and disappears into the night. These scenes inspired the screenplays of two friends, a doctor, three cameramen, five electricians, two props and eight assistants. One of the assistants was Tom Steele, a veteran of Republic serials who doubled for Amos. To protect him from the flames, Steele wore a specially-made asbestos suit plus a fire-resistant headpiece which completely covered his head and contained a hidden breathing tube, which led to a small oxygen tank concealed under his suit. Remembering the filming, Tobey said: "That was a scene I will never forget, Steele who doubled Amos, had only a minute of oxygen to complete the scene. But it wasn't enough, so six extra takes were made before we got a good one! Despite precautionary measures, some of the other staffers received burns. In one of the takes I was supposed to protect Margaret Sheridan with a mattress, but I caught fire—so we both made the dream out from the set you ever saw."

Ruben Croushore remembered the climatic electrification scene in the film, "That was my only scene with Amos in the corridor where he starts walking toward us, clatching a large beam in a threatening manner. Despite the danger, my character runs to him in an emotional state, trying to communicate with him, only to be brushed aside with a sharp blow—and out of the scene. For that fall, I was doubled by a stunt man Teddy Morgan, who was made up and costumed like me." Amos was also doubled during his electrification scene as the electricity reduces him to a smoking mass of indescribable rubble. Midget Billy





Darkness effectively filled in for Arnesen as the drinks in use. The spectacular display of drafts of lightness which appear and disappear. Arnesen's body was simply hand-drawn on the negative by RKO's optical effects team, crewed by Dan Auld.

Many more illuminating the experience of movie-making lighting. In order to insure the consistency of the scenes clearly by audience instructions were given to the crew about scenes showing the ship be darkened (printed down). The first scene was filmed on March 5, 1971 following numerous weeks of shooting. The total cost of filming including overhead came to \$1,250,000.

Following a press report that a woman fainted from fright during a preview, certain scenes were cut, including close-ups of *The Thing* and its superstitious reactions, the creature killing three men in the greenhouse. Also eliminated were scenes between Sheraton and Tobey because they showed down the plot. Despite RKO's lack of faith in the film, *The Thing* became RKO's fifth biggest career in 1971. The majority of the critics gave the film good reviews. One newspaper critic said, "The Thing is one of the most extraordinary films based on a genuine scientific idea presented in years. It is a well-written horror and fantasy film. Hawks has managed to provide just the right combination of terror, sex, and humor. As a movie entertainment, this collaboration is unbeatable." "Aa"

Through the years in *The Thing* never reached stardom, some of them later turned up in other movies. Sheraton or fantasy related films like Robert Conrad who appeared in *War of The Worlds* (1953), Douglas Spencer and Robert Nichols in *The Island Earth* (1954), Kenneth Tobey in *Beast From 20,000 Fathoms* (1955) and *A Case From Beyond The Sea* (1955) John Doyles in *Adrian And Carr, His Men Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1952) and *Northwest Salt Lake* in *Romance* (1970) (1958) and of course, James Arnesen in *Three* (1954).

The artistic and commercial success of *The Thing* influenced the careers of John Carpenter, John Frankenheimer, Ridley Scott and John Carpenter who eventually did a remake in color, with a bigger budget and unstable special effects. But remakes with rare exceptions, rarely succeed. The first movie about a monster from outer space is still regarded by science fiction fans to be the best.



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# THE BLACK LAGOON BUGLE

News & Features about America's Favorite Amphibian

By DAVID J. SCHOW

## The Black Lagoon First?

*The Black Lagoon Bugle*. What is it, or was it? Why has it been cited in academic papers and film responses as a resource? How come nobody has ever heard of it and its biggest fans include John Landis, Joe Dante, Mark Gunn, Frank Darabont, and other luminaries? What made Joe Bob Briggs enthusiastically endorse it? In what ways did this obscure, low-tech, private circulation fanzine become a collector's item, all of a sudden?

Once upon a time in a world very far away from the Internet and now — that is, the post-Internet, post-DVD existence where people had heard of *Creed* but nearly no one you know actually read it — a goofy little newsletter was born of obscurity and necessity.

The obsession, the amphibious delirium of a now-classic 1954 black-and-white B-Durston creature that once Kim Newman has rightly called "The Elvish of classic monsters," variously known as the Main Fish, the Goli-Mon, and the Big Green Guy. The Creature from the Black Lagoon. When most people say "Creature" (small c), everyone generally knows they mean the Creature (capital C) — that is, nearly everybody's favorite monster. Even people who have never seen the films know who the Creature is. Along with Godzilla (who shares his wacky cephalopod demeanor), the Creature represents the bridge between the classic "famous monster" and the 1980's rush of science-fictional monster movie novelties. Or, put another way, the Creature links the old school (classic films up through *World War II*) to the new (the alien, extraterrestrial and big bugs of the 80's) by being one of the first. Film is he called a "science fiction horror cultist." More importantly, the Creature provided the impetus for nearly every monster unit that followed or has considerably influenced water, providing a chain of title that means all those *Alien* and *Predator* must count the Creature as its ancestor.

When viewed together, the original *Creature from the Black Lagoon* (1954) and its immediate sequel, *Revenge of the Creature* (1955), quite obviously explore the plot-plan of another classic 1930's immortal King Kong. Like Kong, the Creature is one of the few "mauve" monsters who seems to have sprung from purely cinematic, rather than literary roots, unlike Dracula or Frankenstein's Reanimated Monster.

But, necessity? Did the Creature really need a newsletter? Did he even actually want one?

For collectors, *Creature* memorabilia outstrips the desirability of many competitors. No one knows why. Just when one collects, one sees stranger and more obscure bits and pieces — and one feels the urge to share the information. At the same time, by the early 1980s, many so-called monster magazines were flapping, failing, or morphing into new and less interesting forms. There was very little of the true house clubbiness of *Famous Monsters* to be found in glossier products, which tended to emulate industry trade papers or high-end celebrity gossip mags.

So, as a hobby, as an indulgence, as a cult-and-geek home made craft. *The Black Lagoon Bugle* was born on Halloween eve, 1991, as a one-shot, one-pager for a microscopic audience who would probably find it amusing or diverting, at a postcard way.

except that they didn't see it as a one-folly. They wanted more!

The very first masthead for the first *Bugle* was pulled off an illustration done on the outside of a mailing envelope by Tucson cartoonist Wolf Forness. Within a mere bunch of months, several



artists, guys with pedigree and great credibility began to check in. They enthusiastically responded to the *Bleat* as a venue for Creature designs. The *Bleat* wasn't even meant as a showcase magazine. But thirty analysts begged both like hungry zombies. Bernt Wrightson, Steve Bissette, Giban Wilson. And potterhouse illustrator Vincent Di Fate, who wheeled up his best-new version of the mothhead, for free, without a crumb of propping. He thought it up and did it all on his own. It first appeared on #5 in 1982 for the "legal-sized" issue, and remained for the balance of the publication's run.

And Jungs — the *Bleat* was obligated to keep on swimming. Plus, it proved to be a great place to recycle several *Fangoria* volumes also written about the Big Green Guy, as well as a short story or two.

It wasn't enough for people on the ever-widening reading list to include the new generosity of reading about the L.A. subway system's Creature tales, or see reality. Keenard reprints of rare or notable collectibles like the Dorcas trailers or "monster money that came out in '91. Nope — they all started reading stuff. Caricous letters, clippings, contributions piled.

Rare pictures, sometimes.

Enough to lock the production onto legal-sized pages (from normal stationery size) and enough more, eventually, to multi-page reads.

That happened right after Jack Arnold, director of the first two films, died in March of 1982. The *Bleat* thought a eulogy was in order and thus commenced the bitter duty of providing as much information as possible on the passing of other notable people in the Creature canon. The *Bleat* eventually became notorious, if not famous, for its obituaries — particularly the one on Whit Russell in 1986.

But the *Bleat*, above all, remained eddy fun. It was fun to cut and paste a up the "old-fashioned" way, and even more fun to hear from people who thought it was terrible fun to find it new come in their mailbox.

## MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED



Then Joe Bob Briggs plugged it in his own newsletter *The Joe Bob Briggs* (formerly *We Are The World*), in 1993, shortly after the *Bleat* ran pictures of Creature star Ben Chapman reading well, you know



Rena Browning, the Creature himself, went to request back issues.

Vincent Di Fate joined the *Bleat* in his doctoral days.

Ultimate Monster Collector Bob Burns called to say, "come on over and shoot some pictures, why doncha?"

Creature Connoisseur Bill Mallone (who portrayed the Othello himself in Bob Burns' 1982 *Mallone's* on show) said, "I've got a few, you know, photographs."

F. Fat Wilson, author of *The Keep*, traded in an incredibly nice Creature flip-book.

The *Bleat* proved off *Assaulting B-Monster*

mastermind Marty Rasmussen with its "Bogus Controversy Obstruction Issue" — but we're all paid now.

KNB EPR Group founder Greg Moseley made a habit of passing something in virtually every issue. Dino Tim Wooten, who permitted the strip-ming of assorted interiors he had done with many of the film principals. Taylor White, founder of the world-famous *Creature Fest* (now important in Burbank, actually visited the *Bleat* in his story).

And before the *Bleat* realized it, other obligations being what they are, practically the whole of a decade had rolled by somewhere and shaggy readers were asking about an online version. This was prevented by the vagaries of copyright, and the concerted efforts of Creature fans all over the world to inaugurate sites featuring crystal-clear photos, animation, music, links and a cornucopia of images and opinions, free to everybody, with which the *Bleat* had no hope to compete, especially when it came to being timely. The *Black Lagoon Bleat* was officially started (after thinking of it on庄chans and supporters) in 1998, with issue #22.

That, just like the most voluminous monstrosities, is blown-out. Sort of. Issue #23, a *Chiller Theatre* special commemorating the attendance of Julie Adams at the Spring 2003 show has somehow risen from the murky depths of Internet obscurity for one final year, proving that old monsters never die. They just lie in wait for a really good story opportunity.







Who is who? David Cronenberg, filmmaker / Ray Manzarek, music maker.  
One is with Zacherley, the other with Ted A. Bohus and Tony Timpone



Photo By KAREN VALENTINE



# LIFE IN THE PAST LANE FILMLAND'S SPIRITED AFTERLIFE

by Laurie Ruckman

Hollywood is full of ghosts. Let's face it, if your vision is lame is there *lame* on *Everybody Loves Raymond*, even your waist looks right through you. But in a town full of phantoms, we're talking the real thing: spooks, apparitions, ectoplasmic manifestations. GHOSTS? But where are these phantoms going? From your seat, we're in for things that go bump in the night!

"...all the heroes in one magnificent, very unusual package"—that's what Jack Warner called Errol Flynn. The swashbuckling superstar was whatever women wanted and whatever men wanted to be. To celebrate his good fortune in Filmland, in 1941 Flynn built his dream house—"a playhouse"—he called it, on eleven and a half acres in the Hollywood Hills off Mulholland. He loved the good life there for many years.

In 1997, the 48-year-old Flynn took up with 15-year-old Beverly Aadland, but try them, Errol's "wicked, wicked ways" had taken an enormous toll. Bowed, in ill health, he lost his beloved home in 1999. He died later that same year.

Rick Nelson bought the house in 1977. The teen idol turned pop legend loved the house and left a lasting friendship with the spirit of Flynn, perhaps. Flynn left it too. His sons—or someone—may have tried to warn Rick of his traps. Late. The world knew him as Ricky and watched him grow up on television with his famous parents. Gene and Harriet. Rick Nelson loved living in Errol Flynn's home. Rick, his wife Chris and their four children moved in, but their house life was nothing like the Nelson family we saw on TV. The couple was plagued by problems—worn down marriage, with their careers and with drugs. In the early '80s, Chris and their kids moved out. Doubting Tracy's commitment to him, Rick



"The house was a two-story ranch house. It wasn't over-sized or grandiose in any way, but it was sprawling," daughter Tracy said. "The front door was in a place where it shouldn't have been so we never used it and because of that I never really felt that the house had a heart, had a center. I would usually just come in and go straight up to my room."

My bedroom used to be Beverly Aadland's and we used to always smell the funky perfume, a really cheap perfume. All sorts of weird things were in, the shower door would open and creak in the middle of the night, the toilet would flush, my shades would roll up for no reason! The door to her room felt distinctly feminine—no major presence. "This is going to sound so crazy, but it didn't feel like a young, naive girl. It felt like a cynical presence." Whoever or whatever was there, her friends felt it too. "When I was going to school, girls had chamber parties, but nobody would stay in my house. To me it was like having a pet, like, 'Oh well, it's just that weird energy in the house.'"

"I was doing *Spencer Perce* at the time. One night, I arrived home from work. It was dark. I looked up at the dining room and the light was on and there was a man standing outside window. I thought, 'Oh, Pop's home. I went upstairs and called him—into

navy." His car's not there and there's nobody's there. Then the phone rang and it's Pop calling from the road to say he'd be home tomorrow."

Tracy told him what she'd just seen and Rick replied, "Oh that's just filed."

The following day Tracy came home from work while it was still light out. She went straight to her room. After a few minutes, there was a noise downstairs. It sounded like someone had broken in.

"My father had a room below mine full of his gold records and awards all hanging on the wall. It sounded like someone was down there was searching all the gold records and all Dad's stuff and I remember thinking, 'Oh my God, like anything, but don't take those.'"





"I hid in the closet and I waited for the noise to stop. It was really loud, the house was shaking. It sounded like people were throwing things against the walls, breaking chairs and breaking glass. The sun finally went down. It had been quiet for awhile and I thought it was finally safe to go downstairs."

Tracy expected to find the place in shambles, but there was no broken glass, no smashed furniture. Instead, all the lights had been turned on. Two pet cats had been put in Ray's bedroom and the door had been locked from the inside. Nothing else in the house had been touched. Tracy moved out the next day.

A short time later, Ray and his girlfriend called her one night at her new apartment. "The weirdest thing happened," they told her. "We were downstairs and we heard all this noise coming from your room. We thought we were being robbed. Things were crashing and breaking. We called the police, ran outside down the driveway and waited for them to come. When they got here," the couple continued, "they were upstairs to investigate. Your door was locked from the inside." When they opened it, all the lights in the room had been turned on, but not a thing had been touched.

Ray Nelson and his girlfriend lived in the Mulholland house for two more years, until their death in a plane crash in 1985. Tracy theorizes that the two explosive episodes might have been warnings of the upcoming tragedy. When the warnings failed and Ray was killed at age 45 — before his time, like Eric — the quiet turned black. "It had been playful before, but after my father died it turned malevolent. My brothers and I could literally feel when my father's presence was gone, a just turned ugly and scary in the house."

The Mulholland house stood vacant after Ray Nelson's death. During that time, darkness seemed to completely envelop the place. A young brother-in-law murdered a girl in the living room. Then a mysterious fire burned half the house. The rest was torn down years ago and the acreage divided up into separate lots, but Tracy still has nightmares about it all the time. "It's all so real in the dreams... but my brother gave me some great advice. He told me, 'Tracy, the only place this house exists now is in our minds.'"

The First Lady of Interviews, Lucie Ball was very attached to the house at 1000 North Roxbury Drive. Over its course of more than thirty years, there she raised her children, dressed her husband, married another. The second half of her life unfolded on Roxbury Drive. Only death ended her time there. Or did it?

Lucy lived at 1000 North Roxbury until her death in April of 1989. Several years later the property was sold. The new owners raised the house. Brick by brick, they tore down the neighborhood landmark. Fans gathered to watch. It was the end of an era.

Two women't be the only ones sad to see the place go. A friend of Lucy's drove by one sunny afternoon and pulled over to look at the destruction. Walls were missing and he could see inside. He noticed a woman walking around the perimeter of the property, peering through the fence at what was left of the house. The woman was tall, thin, a redhead. She turned toward him for a moment and he held his breath. It was Lucy. "She looked upset and a little confused," said the friend. Lucy liked to be in control and she clearly no longer was. "It was upsetting for her. I sensed frustration and a deep melancholy. She walked around the south corner of the house and disappeared."

The friend had never seen a ghost before — or since. He fears rebuke and prefers to remain anonymous. But he is quite sure of what he saw that day. How ironic that his last encounter with the world's famous lady filled him with sadness.

The world-famous corner of Hollywood and Vine is a mere ghost of the busy, sophisticated intersection it once was. For 40 years, a movie's show from Hollywood's top theaters, restaurants, radio and movie studios, Hollywood and Vine was one sure place to see a star.

Bela Lugosi commanded the stretch of Hollywood Boulevard. As Decade, he held audiences in the grip of terror, the embodiment of aristocratic evil. Lugosi was aristocratic in his private life as well — cultured, proud and traditional. These traditions helped provide order in the chaotic world of acting. And so, whether Lugosi was on top of the world, or struggling to pay his rent, he strolled Hollywood Boulevard at Vine Street every day.

"He loved Hollywood and walking that stretch was a ritual for him," said Marie Stuart, a close friend of Lugosi's and co-owner for 25 years for the old Rialto Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard. Lugosi purchased his special capote at the window shop, picking up his trade papers



at the stand, greeting the shopkeepers and neighborhood folk who knew him as an old Uncle, he stopped in the mortuary to chat with Elaine and her husband.

Years later, in 1999, Marc repaired the hundreds of fans who lined Hollywood Boulevard outside Usher McKinnis to pay their last respects to Lapsus to bury a man dressed in his favorite Dracula cape. But it wasn't until Lapsus was on his way to the cemetery that he took his final bow.

Lapsus's car was placed in the hearse. The driver headed north, preparing to cross Hollywood Boulevard. Suddenly, "it was as if someone tapped at the wheel," he later told Marc Stains. Instead of crossing Hollywood, the hearse veered left into oncoming traffic and tumbled up the Boulevard. The driver struggled, but the coach broke apart on its own. As Vice Street, the hearse stalled for close to a minute, then coasted off the wheel and relinquished to the driver. "I don't know what happened...I just don't know," he said, visibly shaken. It was just Bela saying goodbye to his beloved Boulevard.

Lapsus may have been waving to another supernatural superstar. The great Lee Chaney had been slated to star as Dracula, but died before filming could begin and the role eventually went to Lapsus. The silent screen was where Chaney sailed as *Master of Terror*, the *Frankenstein of Notre Dame* and the *Phantom of the Opera* among his unforgettable personae. And like Lapsus, Chaney had a particular fondness for the construction. Every day, he boarded a bus that would take him to all the studios in search of work. After his death, his ghost was seen so often by so many locals that they actually put a small plaque on the bus, warning people to be careful. "You might be sitting on Lee Chaney." Chaney's ghost continued there, for years, until the bench was replaced. He has not been seen there since — but you can still wait an eternity for a bus in L.A.

Back in the vaudeville days of 1940's glamour, the most popular comedienne of the time was Cora's. Today it is the Comedy Store, world-famous laugh club. But late at night, it's the ghosts of Cora's that rule.

When the laughter dies out and the last glass is washed, when the club is quiet, another kind of show begins. A couple of dummies can be heard talking about some two-timer in the bathroom. Martini glasses appear and disappear from tables — and the Comedy Store doesn't have those glasses. Chairs move across the stage "by themselves." Afters and through the air. Coins fall from the ceiling. Security often hears banging on the pipes in a small show room on the second floor. Some of the waitresses report odd occurrences in their — parks really. One young woman would open the door, light candles, arrange tables and leave. Minutes later she'd come back to find the candles out, the lights off, the door locked. When she returned with the key, she'd find the door open and the room set up again. It's just a playful spirit having a laugh.

There were so many occurrences at The Store they called the parapsychology department at UCLA in the summer of 1982 and created



several people to check about one afternoon. One of them was Dr. Jerry Taft who passed time with the "Binty" crew. During his investigation, Taft fell from the ceiling. Later, Taft saw three men in pajamas sitting and watching with anxiety. When he approached, they disappeared. When Taft entered the basement, he immediately fell to the ground, writhing with agonizing pain in his legs. His powerful psychic ability had tapped into increasing pain someone had suffered in that spot. He felt very strongly that this pain was purposely inflicted. "If there is something physical to put upon, Dr. Taft said, "I always feel it." The basement, he said, felt like the "heart" of the building.

Blake Clark would come closest to the "evil that looked white". He had, once before, seen an encounter "blacker than black shadow, vulgarly human" pushing through

the grate across the basement entrance, making a horrible growling noise. Blake was a Marine platoon sergeant in Vietnam — no drinking, no drugs, but he vowed then never to go at the basement alone. One afternoon, the owner asked him to get something from the basement. Blake took some Joey Day's with him. No sooner were they down there than they were in dark shadows rising in a corner. "Get back. Stay away!" he cried out, raising his hands defensively. Blake couldn't see the shadows, but he didn't have to. He turned to rub, juddering Joey's hands. They were burning hot like they'd been held against a stove, yet he could see Joey's breath like it was freezing. As they scrambled up the stairs, a splash of cardboard fell from out of nowhere and hit Blake on the hands. He picked it up. It had his name written on it. My personal theory — when they know your name, run like hell.

Listen, there are plenty of creepy-creaky things to be scared of in Hollywood — like Charlie Sheen or Anne Nicole Smith. Scared? It's a little thing like a ghost keep you from going out when you're there in a town where most of the ordinary people to live forever there will always be a few who succeed.

Lauree Jacobson is the author of **HOLLYWOOD HAUNTED**. Contact her at [hollywoodhaunted@lyncs.com](mailto:hollywoodhaunted@lyncs.com).





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# ROLAND

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POCKETS-WAIST WALLS-PASTE and BOOKS

Zacherley is probably the most written about horror boss of all time. Stories and articles about him have appeared in national magazines, fan magazines, and just about every horror magazine ever published. There were even two books written about him: most recently THE ZACHERLEY SCRAPBOOK, TRANSYLVANIA EDITION. So what more is there to say?

Sometimes things fall between the cracks. Sometimes a piece of history passes by so fast that everyone forgets to take note of it. Something like that happened with Zacherley. Fortunately these pieces were found by a fan and brought to light so that we may share the information with all Zacherley fans.

In this case we go back to the pre-Zacherley years when John Zacherley was the horror boss known as Roland. I have friend George Chutkan to thank for this discovery. I didn't know about it. Many Zacherley fans did not know about it. And many Roland fans had forgotten about it.

A recent auction on Ebay yielded a spectacular treasure from the Roland years. Roland, as you remember, took the East Coast by storm. He was written about in The Saturday Evening Post. He was so popular that even a hand-drawn Roland fan club sprang up in the Philadelphia area alone. And this treasure was just one of several items developed and sold to those thousands of Roland fans. It was a complete set of 161 Roland patches designed to be sewn onto your clothing.

The patches came bagged in plastic and made out of a single piece of blue felt. The size was approximately nine and a half by thirteen inches. Stamped on the felt in glorious bloody red and black were ten designs that a Roland fan could cut out and sew onto his or her favorite piece of clothing.

The patches covered a wide variety of Roland lore. Two patches were dedications to the ancient ancestor who brought the mail and did other things for his master: one patch showed two busy hands clanking prison bars with "1pm" in red written above them, and the other featured a bald-headed beast and the words "I am Igor" Who are you? Two more patches were dedicated to Thelma, the ancestor who was described on more than one television program: one patch was of a block with the words "Thelma the Ancestor" in the center, and the other was of a hand holding a lit candle with the words "Ancestor come back" above it. Of course two were dedicated to My Dear, the beautiful woman who lived in a coffin and had her state periodically adjusted by Roland: one patch featured a coffin with a hand waving from beneath the lid and the words "My Dear" written on the coffin lid, the other featured a black hat on a red background with the words MY DEAR on the hat's wings.

The most striking patches were those dedicated to Roland. One patch was a skull on a red background with the name Roland in red across its head. Two patches were of Roland's legs: one read "Roland He-What ever you are!", and the other simply had "Roland" on a dripping and background before the master's face. The final patch was a profile of Roland looking in a handmirror that had R.I.P. inscribed upon it. The words "Good night—what ever you are" surrounded the patch.

The head-and-onion package is also a treasure in itself. It features a drawing of Roland by artist Ed White. The card reads "ROLAND the friendly undertaker and teller of 'errie tales. brings you his emblems made in Igor's cage" and "Hi! What ever you are." And this beautiful set originally cost only seventy-nine cents!

The product was manufactured and distributed by Art Aronson Inc. of Allentown, Pennsylvania. This company was behind the madhouse known as Roland merchandise.

When I saw this product my eyes simply dropped out of my head. This item deserves to be remembered as an important piece of horror lore and Roland/Zacherley history. My only regret is that there is no mention of Gaspard, the faithful son who lived in a burial bag and hung from the wall.

It is a treat when something like this came to uncovered. Thanks to auction houses like Ebay, who knows what the next piece of lost Zacherley lore may be that comes to light?



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# BOB BURNS THE THING HALLOWEEN EXTRAVAGANZA

*The Thing From Another World* returned to Earth last Halloween in a spectacular display put on by fan favorite and noted science fiction film archivist Bob Burns. Based on the 1951 movie featuring James Arness as The Thing, Bob Burns' Halloween Show went to great lengths to capture every detail of the original movie.

Bob Burns is well known to horror and science fiction fans as the man who owns the original George Pal Time Machine. He also has a wealth of other fantasy movie props on display in his museum style home. Bob is also co-author of the book *It Came From Bob's Basement* which showcases a number of the prizes in his extensive collection.



Deborah Knight

Jake Carter

Bob Burns

Frank Diets

By  
John Skerchick



Bob Baran welcomes you to the Majorsfest event of the Year

Bob is also known to many as more than as the "Godfather of Halloween." A few years back he produced and starred in the popular video *Alone in the House: Haunting of America*. In the video, he traveled the country with co-host Daniel Roebuck and producer Chuck Williams, chronicling the spooky holidays in respect and celebration throughout the United States.

Long is time that no one younger (or older than eight can tell you) Bob and his de Kalle, were creating what the art Halloween was shown in their Burbank home. Their wonderful shows were made famous by a cover article in *Starline*. *Alone in the House* was a success then, must, great fans have been hoping that the day would come for Bob to once again pick up the mantle of Halloween Guru.

One year he did a recreation of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde where Bob transformed himself from the mild-mannered doctor into the hideous Mr. H. He rights in front of a large number of look-oners. Another year they re-enacted the movie *Alone with Deer* with a Walter Kaituma as a guest actor.

Then twenty years ago, Bob and his talented group of friends offered what would be their last show for two long decades - *Crossed from The Black Legion*. "The show just became too big," explained Bob Baran. "It was a lot of work. I just couldn't do this anymore in the show, time to end it." Bob, however, found during those shows as much as his friends, fans, and the general public enjoyed attending them, it was inevitable that Bob would return with one final spectacular.

Bob continues, "The time was right. I had offered both a lot of professionals to put on one more show, so I said 'Why not?' Greg N. volunteered to make the props and costumes for the makeup effects. Dennis and Robert Skolnik offered to do the sets. My nephews, Keith Hsiao, agreed to help us build the structural layout and Daniel Roebuck was begging like a dog to act in it. I couldn't say no."

Planning the Halloween was begun in August, although the idea had been brewing for a couple of years. Bob knew the theme would be *The Thing From Another World*, but he still had a lot of work to do. Consideration had to be given to the length of the show as this, no doubt, could be held around the block to see it. Then Bob had to decide which scenes had to be created to give the audience the best shot possible. The movie was carefully reviewed and scenes of little were discarded. Less than two months later,



Planning the best possible event and capturing every thing in the detail

If it all was out in planned, the event would automatically be expensive to produce. But fortunately for the Baran, all of their friends were willing to volunteer. Some materials were donated, others scavenged, but the expense of the show was still reasonably high. Fans, however, would see the show for free. It was their Halloween treat from Bob and Karly.

Tyler arrived in clothes. Fred, Don (and Dave) Roebuck would also arrive. Fred, Captain Henry, Anthony Lash, a professional photographer (who provided many of the stills for this article) played the part of Mike, along with Lynn Barker. Makeup artist John Goodwin (C.H.) and fellow Wisconsinan Taylor Schatzky got the Dr. Carrington role.

Sam Telfer, sculptor Dorothy Fontana, would write the script. Other visitors Dennis and Robert Skolnik designed the sets. Dan and Wengston, artist of the massive donated boxes of chairs were also used to recreate what painting his famous, Frankensteins poses. Taylor White coordinated the show's sound system. Christopher Drake agreed to do the soundtrack. Yes, Bob's show had a soundtrack.

Bob was not relying only on a good script and talented actors to give fans a traditional Halloween scare. He wanted a soundtrack. In the original movie, the music was an important element to the story. It kept things (no pun intended) moving along. Christopher Drake had a long career of ghost writing music releases. He was a big fan of Bob Baran and when he heard about the show, he immediately offered his services. Chris proved to be a great asset in the production of the show.

Once all the parties were assembled and the cast was gathered, the time came to build the actual structure. And build is what they did. Almost every weekend from the beginning of October right up to the time of the show, volunteers came to construct the set. On average more than 45 people showed up at 10:00 am and stayed until sunset working on the structure. The set itself was a replica of the actual airport as seen in the movie. The building spanned the width of Bob's front lawn and towered down the length

of his driveway. It was



When the effect is



When the effect is



When the effect is



Bob Barker, who'd been voted the  
Halloween Best of the Year



Bob Barker was one of many famous faces in the "Gothic era of Halloween." "New years back in production," he'd returned to the popular talent. Barker was the Mayor, Hallowing of stars in the popular talent. Barker was the Mayor, Hallowing of stars in the popular talent. Barker was the Mayor, Hallowing of stars in the popular talent.

One year he did a show with Dr. Jerry and Mr. Hyde where Bob transformed himself from the mild-mannered doctor into the hideous Mr. Hyde right in front of a large number of look or viewers. Another year he re-magined the show to show Star Trek, a Walter Koenig as a guest star.

That thirty years ago, Bob had his talented group of friends, offered what would be their last show for two long decades. Barker, from The Howl-O-Scream. "The show just became too big," explained Bob Barker. "It was a lot of work. I just couldn't do this anymore, so the show came to an end." Bob, however, loved doing these shows as much as his friends. Tim, and the second police report attending them. It was inevitable that Bob would return with one final spectacular.

Bob Barker: "The time was right. I had other loved a lot of professionals to put on one more show, so I said, 'I'll do it.' Greg Noctor offered to make the props and approximately thirty people. Debra and Robert Sankoff offered to do the sets. My neighbors, Keith Bryant, agreed to help in build the set, and Daniel Barker, who Barker was begging that a death act in 11 months, was in. Planning the Halloween show began in August, although the show had been known for a couple of years. By the time the show would be The Thing From Another World, but he still had a lot of work to do. Consideration had to be given to the length of the show, as such, it could be joined and the block to see it. Then, it had to be decided which scenes had to be enacted to give the audience the best that possible. The movie was never screened, and images of stills were examined. Some better than others.

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planning the best possible event and capturing everything in five days!

If it all came out as planned, the event would unfortunately be expensive to produce, but fortunately for the "Rune", all of their friends were willing to volunteer. Some materials were donated, others scrounged, but the expense of the show was still extremely high. Fans, however, would see the show for free. It was then Halloween that Bob and Kathy.

What seemed to drive it, Daniel Barker and Daniel Barker would alternate as the lead. Captain Kirk, Kathy Barker, a professional photographer who provided the props for the show, and played the part of the alien, along with Ryan Barker. Makeup artist, John Gosselin (CSH) and John, Maitland Taylor Schatz, who the Dr. Corrigan role.

Star Trek script doctor, Barker would write the script. Oscar-winning Daniel and Robert Schatz designed the sets. Daniel Barker, Daniel of the movie, donated hours of his time that he could not afford when putting his favorite, Frankensteins, together. Taylor White coordinated the show's sound system. Christopher Drake agreed to do the soundtrack. Yes, Bob's show had a soundtrack.

Bob was not relying only on a good script and talented actors to give fans a traditional Halloween scare. He wanted a soundtrack. In the original movie, the music was an important element to the story. In his things (not just sending moving along). Christopher Drake had a long career of ghost writing music, and was a big fan of Bob Barker, and when he heard about the show, he immediately offered his services. Chris proved to be a vital asset in the production of the show.

Once all the parties were assembled and the cast was finished, the time came to build the actual attraction. And build it was they did. Almost every weekend from the beginning of October right up to the time of the show, volunteers came to construct the set. On average more than 45 people showed up at 10:00 am and stayed until sunset working on the structure. The set itself was a replica of the entire set-up as seen in the movie. The building spanned the width of Bob's front lawn and ran down the length of his driveway. It was 100 feet long.



inged structure approximately 100 feet long by 100 feet. The outside was made to look like a plastic building with ice framed windows. Fake skeletons were hung from the edges. Inside was where all the action would take place. On the inside was a hallway where the fans would walk. Along the hallway were a number of rooms or windows that would be used to tell the story, leading up to the climax.

While Bob was concerned himself with the fine details, and Kathy was busy arranging for permits, and a respectably as an official, other volunteers had tasks assigned to them. Daniel Barker worked hard to get the wires assembled as well as doing these Stage Manager roles. A Chris, obtained period costumes. Christopher Drake worked with various sound effects inspired by sound effects master Steve Lutz and the music. Lindsey Jackson turned footage for an upcoming documentary (more on that later). Duane and Bob Skolnik and Keith Bryant were instructing the volunteers on what needed to be built, painted, or moved. And Greg Noctor was busy coordinating the building of the special effects props and creating the Thing makeup.

At the time, Greg volunteered his services, his schedule was relatively open. He suddenly became "swamped" with work in production for the Sci-Fi Channel's *Twilight Zone* series began and other movie props to look into. Greg came through, however, as he knew he would. Greg's K&H effects crew provided the large red skull that the Thing escaped from and the Thing's prosthetic makeup. They also supplied a dead dog, a dead bear and the costumes the various actors playing the Thing wore. (Just as the film, they owned the creature's mask and friends and John Gosselin built the hair.

One of the problems that everyone had to contend with while building the set was the weather. The set had to be carefully covered in plastic for up to a week at a time. Rain and humidity caused the wood to warp, stretch, or shrink. So the start of every weekend saw the volunteers first Friday weather damage before moving onto the next phase. The crew's work didn't leave much better and the temperature paid off in spikes. So, believe it or not, was the building part of the show.

Bob Barker: "The time was right. I had other loved a lot of professionals to put on one more show, so I said, 'I'll do it.' Greg Noctor offered to make the props and approximately thirty people. Debra and Robert Sankoff offered to do the sets. My neighbors, Keith Bryant, agreed to help in build the set, and Daniel Barker, who Barker was begging that a death act in 11 months, was in. Planning the Halloween show began in August, although the show had been known for a couple of years. By the time the show would be The Thing From Another World, but he still had a lot of work to do. Consideration had to be given to the length of the show, as such, it could be joined and the block to see it. Then, it had to be decided which scenes had to be enacted to give the audience the best that possible. The movie was never screened, and images of stills were examined. Some better than others.



the Barker to build such a structure permanently in their home. The show was a remarkable technical achievement as well. Once the set was complete and the props were in, the image of actors moved in. They had to rehearse to arrange their way through a myriad of sound cues, lighting cues and special effects. Most importantly they had to convince the guests that they were standing in an Arctic Research station, as well as scare the Doc (Doc out of their act) in the span of a few minutes.

Although the show would officially open on October 31, Bob and Kathy offered the City of Burbank, employees and their families a first look two days earlier. This was a thank you for the city's patience and understanding in dealing with such a unique event.

The entire cast and crew were nervous. Most nervous perhaps were Bob and Kathy. Twenty years was a long time between shows and trying to relive the old, post-Halloween events would be a formidable undertaking. Would this be a Halloween show for the town or a trick on all of those professionals that worked so hard at being it together?

Bob and Kathy had nothing to worry about. The first reviews found what they saw. The red test came in on Oct. 31. It was a VHS tape of the audience, which was filled with people. Halloween was over, the least of which was the weather. Now, the show was on.



Photo by Matthew Jones



Bob and Kathy cost approximately \$100 for each day.

The inside was made to look like a plane's fuselage with no frontal windows. The cockpit was hung from the ceiling. Inside was where all the actors would take place. On the inside was a hallway where the fans would walk. Along the hallway were a number of rooms or windows that would be used to tell the story, looking up to the cockpit.

While Bob continued to deal with the demands and Kathy was busy arranging for permits and inspections by city officials, other volunteers had tasks assigned to them. Daniel Ruchback worked hard to get the set assembled as well as directing them. Stage Manager Richard Lee obtained props and costumes. Chris Epler (Baker) worked with various sound effects supplied by sound effects master Steve Lee, and the music. Kenneth Jackson filmed footage for an upcoming documentary (more on that later). Dennis and Bob Strick and Keith Myatt are convincing the volunteers on what needed to be built, painted, or moved. And Greg Stolman was busy coordinating the building of the special effects props and creating the Thing makeup.

At the time Greg volunteered his services, his schedule was extremely open. He suddenly became re-manned with work as production for the Sci-Fi Channel's *Twisted* series began and other movie projects took off. Greg came through, however, as Bob knew he would. Greg's RNR efforts were provided the large set about the Thing escaped from and the Thing's pre-die makeup. They also supplied a dead dog, a dead human and the costumes the various actors playing the Thing wore. Director Joe Riley owned the printer's mark and hands and John Goodman built the baby Thing.

One of the problems that everyone had to contend with while building the set was the weather. The set had to be carefully covered in plastic for up to 12 weeks at a time. Rain and humidity caused the wood to warp, stretch, or shrink. So the start of every weekend was the volunteers first fixing weather damage before moving onto the next phase. The crew could have lived better and their displeasure paid off in spades. So tolerable in fact was the building that an elderly neighbor approached Bob with some ideas that they could make the thing's world more like



the RNRs. It's still a dream, but permanently in their house.

The show was a remarkable technical achievement as well. Once the set was a mystery and the props were set, the groups of actors moved in. They had to rehearse to navigate their way through a myriad of sound props, lighting cues and special effects. Most importantly they had to convince the guests that they were stranded in an *Avista* Research station, as well as scare the *Dead* out of their skin in the space of four minutes!

Although the show would officially open on October 31, Bob and Kathy referred the City of Burbank, employees and their families a first look two days earlier. This was a thank you for the city's patience and understanding in dealing with such a unique event.

The movie crew and crew were nervous. Most cars on, perhaps, were Bob and Kathy. They were a long time between shows and trying to make strong gear. Hollywood events would be a formidable undertaking. Would this be a Halloween treat for the fans or a look at all of those professionals that worked so hard to bring it together?

Bob and Kathy had nothing to

worry about. The first crew loved what they saw. The real test came on October 31. It was VIP night and the audience was filled with Hollywood celebrities, including...  
M... ..  
M... ..



John Gardner as The Thing





William Balt, John Goodwin, and Frank Dent, down a wonderful tradition on behalf of the Bats! This year's winner of Wink's Golden Ticket was because one of the most sought after Halloween costumes.

Along with William Balt, the show was attended that evening by Frank Denton, Rick Baker, Don Coscarelli, John Landis, Mark Chubb, Agnes Sotomayor, Bob Zemeckis and a host of others. Like the previous night's audience, they were extremely appreciative of everyone's hard work.

For the next several nights, from 6:00pm until 11:00pm, fans came from all over to see Bob's haunted attraction. They waited in line an average of an hour and 30 minutes, but no one complained. This year put on about twelve shows an hour with fifteen to twenty people per show. So many people came that more costumes would be added and the show actually ran from Tuesday through Sunday.

Fans gathered outside in the Arctic heat. The slight chill in the October air was magnified by the sounds of howling

Wolves he leads them to a cleverly constructed window where the Thing's arm dangles. The visitors present a forced perspective. Anytime looking through it will see a scary running, some hundred feet along the rear of the output.

Next they pass the doors of the production. Hendry moves closer to the entrance and the lights of the windows change forward and almost instantly turn on or. The visitors are led past a box that looks open to reveal another of the Thing's victims. A dead dead dog!



winds cooling over the speakers, especially hidden around the set. No one knew what to expect. A handful of guests would be moved from the main line to a smaller one area, where they would watch a video monitor relay an urgent S.O.S. call from the Arctic Base.

Suddenly, the door opened and a limited number of fans were led into the base. Captain Hendry, warning that they are part of the rescue party, jumps from the base, only by telling the visitors about the creature who escaped being the No. 1 of his

that a new documentary. All of Bob and Kathy's Halloween shows have been made into documentaries. The project will focus on the development of the show's special effects. It will feature the documentary with Taylor White and Daniel Fuchs, and one of all the documentary will be on a DVD that will feature every Halloween show individually as well as many wonderful memories. Bob Taylor and Daniel will be at the December Chiller, offering the DVD to the audience.

So, from Bob Burns and all of us who helped bring the show together.

Happy Halloween!



While the visitors are gawping at this, they turn to look into the next room. It is the laboratory where plants in a tank pulsate as they feed on human blood. Doctor Cunningham, much disturbed, is testing his assistant Nicks on his next experiment. Suddenly the alarm sounds. The speakers announce that the Thing is somewhere in the building. The visitors are huddled into the hallways adjacent to the pressure room. The music has been much building and now is announced in. Then, a creature in the other end of the long hallway.

Captain Hendry has a trap set that will electrocute the Thing, but a power failure interrupts him. When power is on and the monster is much closer. Hendry throws the switch and the lights flicker. The Thing, written in pain and howls like only a creature from another World can! The lights turn back on and Captain Hendry thanks the visitors for their help. He leads them to a door and then.

The good news for fans of Bob and these wonderful Halloween attractions is in the works. The project will focus on the development of the show's special effects. It will feature the documentary with Taylor White and Daniel Fuchs, and one of all the documentary will be on a DVD that will feature every Halloween show individually as well as many wonderful memories. Bob Taylor and Daniel will be at the December Chiller, offering the DVD to the audience.

So, from Bob Burns and all of us who helped bring the show together.

Happy Halloween!

Bob and Kathy Burns, ready for 2003 year!



# CHILLER PEOPLE



# The Forlorn Haunts of Edgar Allan Poe's Baltimore



## A Horror Fan's Travelogue by Leon Marcelo

Yours gruesome was but a wee ghost when I was introduced to the dark and forbidding world of horror. It was Halloween and, to commence the day's ghoulish festivities, my eighth-grade English teacher decided to read us a tale culled from a "great and curious volume of forgotten lore." And so she began, the aged, empty words filling our ears, and what I heard as she read page after page was horrific. Truly horrific. The words she spoke were as the whispered stirrings of the damned, the restless dead. I had never before heard such things. The word "disinterment" was unknown to me and I can vividly remember pondering its meaning, its torturous letters burned into my adolescent brain. This tale that my teacher was reading to us, that All Hallow's Eve was coursing with a terror that was thick, overly palpable and eerily so, like cold, caution flash. These words that seemed to live and breathe on the page reeked of the grave and then ferocious burrows of itself deep into my subconscious, like vineyard worms. That tale of terror that entered the inner the hideous kingdom of the macabre was, "The Tell-Tale Heart" and its author, Edgar Allan Poe. It was thirteen years old and Poe, dead for more than one-hundred years, held me with his vacantly devoured gaze into the timeless realm of all that is horror. And I have dwelled there, a fleshly devotee of the dread-draped wrack, ever since. The influence of Edgar Allan Poe upon the vampiric genre that is horror knows no bounds. Although Poe's spectral soul's travels well beyond the funeral halls of the horrific, having influenced all of literature, it is within that grotesque domain that his exposure

presence is the most distinctly felt. His works have been hailed as numerous masterpieces of morbidity by those who are themselves steeped in the verminous annals of horror. H.P. Lovecraft, Louis-Ferdinand Céline, Vincent Price, Clive Barker, Dana Argente, Stephen King, George Romero, etc. The list has no end, these immortal names are but a few anxious adepts who praise his noted name. Poe's gloomy and grim Gothic currents are nothing but ventral to the pantheon of horror. His literary pen loomed upon the page a host of grotesqueries that had as yet been unheard, his words overflowing with an uncanny, fear-inspiring web of death. They plucked the very depths of madness and re-creating the night-darkness of the human soul. Poe welcomed the abyss with open arms and drank deeply of the better world of sleep and other ghastlies. To read Poe is to find upon the grave-blackened heart of horror itself.

About as weird as Poe's tales, was his own life. Since his untimely death in 1849, his name has been called by madmen and madly hardy academics. Rumors of alcoholism, drug addiction, and madness have been his legacy. But no aspect of Poe's life is more speculation ridden than his end. And it was in Baltimore that he met his death. Although the author had claimed New York, Philadelphia, and Richmond as his home during his forty years, it is Baltimore, that city that saw Poe through only a small part of his years, that has become so inseparable from Poe's name above all these others. And "Charm City" truly celebrates his life and work. It boasts an array of Poe-themed haunts, restaurants, bars, pool halls, and other such attractions. The city even went so far as to change the name of the local football franchise to "The Ravens," an homage to the doom-winged creature that linked united Poe's macabre lyrical song.

An lifelong connoisseur of all that is dead and dying and dream workshops at the molding altar of Poe, my a-pelled bride and I yearned to embrace and commune the shadow, weired Baltimore haunts about which Poe himself had once written. And so we gruesome grotesque traveled down to Baltimore to these very same forlorn locales that Poe had known as life...and death! So just as then, we're you, Mind Reader as I take you with us on our creepy, creepy journey amongst the dreadful realm of the one and only Edgar Allan Poe.

When my unspeakable wife and I hatched into Baltimore, the cauldron-crushing annals of Richmond encompassed our arrival, the city on the Chesapeake Bay was still throwing out from its annually severe winter's frost and the throngs of tourists that would soon populate the place in a few month's time were only just beginning to appear, adding advantage of the somewhat relatively Spring chill. Most of these visitors were welcomed to Baltimore's Inner Harbor, a water waterfront stretch along the city's southern extent. Where used to sit now spots run of abandoned warehouses and factories are now some of Baltimore's most desired attractions. Tourists flock to the Inner Harbor drawn by the glimmer of little boutiques, quaint bars and restaurants, and peep hotels and the mammoth shells of the National Aquarium, the Maryland Science Center, and famed beachfront such as Camden Yards. But our interest in Baltimore lay with none such sites. We had not come down to Baltimore for as casual cash sales and pricy wines over which all these other less diabolic waters flowed. No we had come for a much more perfected fun and so, causing our morbid appetites elsewhere, embarked on our own dreadful tour of Baltimore's cryptic depths in search of the verminous traces of Edgar Allan Poe.

We began our expedition of Poe's Baltimore with an examination of some of its awe-fall holdings of the worn-staten author's artifacts and so made our way to the Maryland Historical Society. The three-floored museum on West Monument Street is dedicated to the preservation of Maryland's historical and cultural past. The museum's various galleries and exhibits display an

collection of art, furniture, clothing, and a smattering of other antiques that offer visitors a glimpse into the state's bygone years. But as interesting as all of these items may be, the most important of this place to us was the society's venerable library.

This repository tucked away on the museum's second floor housed a truly precious collection of Poe last editions and manuscripts, extremely rare, sepia-toned photographs and daguerotypes bearing the author's famously staid countenance, and a slew of newspapers and journals for which Poe had written during his days in Baltimore. The Maryland Historical Society's entire collection of Edgar Allan Poe matters was the pride of its holdings, the worry found made us, the friends that we were of the author's written word, dread with absolute fury! Did Reader we were standing at the portal brink of the same treasure?

Once we had decided upon which artifacts we desired examination and had filled out all the necessary forms to effect that we were indeed very much "qualified" to handle them, we were allowed an audience with a few of those fabled treasures. The most magnificent of the lot was a meticulously decayed 1840 first edition of Poe's *Tales of the Grotesque and the Fantastic*, which carried such tales of justice as "Morella," "Ligeia," and "The Fall of the House of Usher." But our enthusiasm at looking in the black rectangles of such a thing was all but greeted by the voracious mauling of the Grotesque-esque special collections librarian! As we floated upon these rarities that we had summated up from the bowels of the place, she crystallized in rather naively. Did she think us, green-pastured squirts of all manner of the machine, mere thoughtless dilettantes? But as collectors of canons were ourselves we understood the necessity of such scrutiny and it was worth bearing the brunt of it just to hold in our own blood-battered hands works that Poe himself had just published! It was an unforgettable experience to feel beneath my fingers the time-worn parchment and to while the eldritch stench of them very ink! As Charles Baudelaire, who used to pray to Poe each night for unjustly impositions, once wrote "Desecrated literature!"

The Maryland Historical Society was a very interesting stop on our tour of Poe's Baltimore, but I would only recommend it to his most rabid followers, as the center of the museum's library, a secluded haven for those deeply entrenched in academic research, were not truly conducive to evoking the congenial spirit of the dead author. Having enough of such stuff scholarship, we took our leave of the museum and descended to Anny Street and the residence that Poe had once called home.

One of the most curious, and at times maddening, aspects of Baltimore is the way its wards change drastically within only the span of a few blocks, something we would soon learn as we made our way to our ghost town's second destination "White Poe" former home at 263 Anny Street was only five minutes removed from the polluted lower claps of the Inner Harbor, the neighborhood that housed Poe's aged domicile was not a halfly dissimilar from that of a warzone! The streets that surrounded the residence were truly frightening vista of home-own



tenements, abandoned lots strewn with rubble and debris, and dubious denizens lurking about the middle of the streets. And amidst all this urban decay, the small two-and-a-half-story red brick house that was the Edgar Allan Poe House and Museum.

Perhaps needless to say, we took glances were the sole visitors at the house that fair afternoon. We rapped upon its white wooden door and, as it cracked open ever so slowly, were met by the welcoming yet apprehensive smile of the home's housekeeper, who was dressed in a seven-black gown true to the mid-nineteenth-century age during which Poe had known this small abode. The charming older bearded our entry and, with a sense of dark flair that accented her melancholy, partly told us that although "Mr. Poe" was unfortunately unable to greet us in the flesh, he had moved us to partake of the comforts of his home all the same. In 1835, Edgar Allan Poe came to Baltimore, to this very house, to live with his widowed aunt, Maria Poe Cushman, and her young daughter, Virginia, who would come to be the writer's mother-in-law and (ill-fated) wife respectively. A little more than a century later, many of the residences in the neighborhood were torn down to make way for the trams of housing that stand there today. The house was to follow a similar fate until it was spared in 1941 by the city as the headquarters of the Edgar Allan Poe Society of Baltimore. It was not until 1949 that the house was opened to the public as The Edgar Allan Poe House and, after further exhaustive investigations, continues to this day at a reminder of Poe's abysmal achievements in American letters.

After viewing a rather interesting video presentation on Poe, we took our way about the tiny house. Although the brick structure itself was the primary display here, it housed within its modest walls a wealth of memorabilia related to both Poe's life and death. An artistic rendering on the first floor that caught our bloodshot eyes was the forty-year portrait of Poe's child bride, the only one of her known to exist, painted mere hours after her death in 1847, having fallen to "consumption." Some of the other more interesting Poe-ian catches hung upon the walls of the second floor's parlor: a set of beautifully detailed illustrations by noted French artist Gustave Doré that accompanied an 1844 edition of Poe's most well-known poem, "The Raven." Also grasping our curiosity were several bottles of cognac left at Poe's grave over the years on the nineteenth of January (the writer's birthday) by the cognate "Poe Toasters." Since 1949 the centennial of Poe's death, the "Toaster" has left a bottle of the spirit along with three red roses upon the author's final resting place under the cover of night. Although this tradition has never been confirmed or identified, LIFE magazine did manage to photograph this annual ritual of his in 1980, a copy of which accompanies the partially filled bottles in a display case on the museum's second floor.

It is believed that Poe's quarters within the home's meager walls were the solitary bedroom on the third floor. This cramped space, a veritable "hamper house" that comprised the intimacy of the house's uppermost extent, had barely room enough for a simple desk and bed. But it was there, in that same claustrophobic-inducing chamber at the top of a narrow set of stairs,



that Poe's creative urges took him away from the poetry work which they had used their time occupied, to the short story. Although Poe may have masqueraded the form with such tales as, "The Masque of the Red Death" and "The Black Cat," some years later while living in Philadelphia, it was in Baltimore, in that very room we creep about that afternoon, where Poe would embark upon the hard path that would bear him into pallid death within the blood-drained annals of literary horrors. One of the tales born out of the hours Poe spent cloistered in that tomb-like room was "Berenice." It was with this simple tale that Poe would begin his unusual affair with the macabre, his daughter consumed with the grief and riddled by the triumph of death. With "Berenice," Poe's writings would become infused with a Gothic atmosphere, one rich with madness and absolute dread. But it would seem that Poe's madness had not yet contributed for the likes of "Berenice" as the editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* who published the tale received several complaints objecting to its grotesque elements. Fearing for the future of his career, Poe made amends by deleting several offending passages and stating that he would "not use so capriciously again." Fortunately for all gourmands of charnel delicacies such as we, Poe was not a man of his word! Had he been, there would have been no *Ushers*, no *opms* and no *perductions*, no *Rat Morphey*, and no *black cat*. Nothing. And what a dull world that would be, would it not, *Wind Reader*?

The Edgar Allan Poe House and Museum on Armit Street was a splendidly ghastly attraction for any Poe devotee and well worth weathering the hazards of the snow-laden sidewalks surrounding the place simply to dine upon a Poeque locale such as this that witnessed the master's work begin its descent into a turn of the screw. But now that we had worked with a man that Poe had known as his carouse in his Baltimore would now be engrossed with those tales of his mysterious death. And so we headed across town for the third chapter of our grand expedition through Poe's haunts: the former location of the Fourth Ward Polls Tavern.

Our unforgotten tour of Poe's Baltimore now took us eastward across town to the locale where the mystery-shrouded events of Poe's ever-controversial death had begun over one hundred and fifty years ago. Ryan's "Fourth Ward Polls" Tavern. When we came to Lombard Street, it was reminiscent of the neighborhood we had just left, as we were faced by rows of low-income project housing. Many decades before city planners decided to turn the landscape of the ward into a red brick ghetto, the tavern of Cornelius Ryan had stood on this same road between High and Essex Streets in what was then known as Gunner's Hall. Ryan's pub known by the moniker "The Fourth Ward Polls" because of its proximity to a voting site, had stood at 44 East Lombard Street, a few doors down from the corner of High Street. Gunner's Hall and its long-living establishments long since torn down, the urban setting we surveyed that afternoon was much different from an incarnation of 1844 when Poe was found before the sordid pub on October 3 when he was found by an acquaintance of his, Dr. Joseph



This one-time locale of Poe's last-known tavern, Ryan's Pub, now the home of low-income projects.

Essex Snodgrass, the author was having trouble and delirious. His body was battered and bruised, his clothing was dirty and torn. Because of his already infamous (and arguably overestimated) reputation as a drunkard, his sorry state was thought the result of some belittling debauchery of his.

What had happened to Poe? What horrors had befallen him before he was found at Ryan's tavern, cowering on the brink of the grave? It is known that Poe,

two years widowed after the lamentable passing of his Virginia, had become engaged that same year to his childhood sweetheart, Eliza Shelton, and that they had planned to wed on the thirtieth of October. Poe had left Eliza and Richmond for New York on September 26 so that he could teach Mrs. Clemm, his aunt and mother-in-law who was to live with the newly wed couple in Virginia. But what occurred between his departure for New York on the twenty-sixth of September and his discovery in Baltimore on October 3 has become the topic of much fervent debate and heated conjecture. Some speculate that Poe because he was found before a voting site more days after a city-wide election, had been the victim of "croaking," as all too common press gang-like means of securing votes for some office whereby using violent threats to coerce disgraced streetwalkers into casting ballots for the unpopular candidate. Others believe that Eliza's valiantly disappearing brothers, not wanting their family's name sullied by their sister's marital to such an ill-fated man as Poe, had savagely beaten the writer, their violent molestation proving ultimately fatal. Still others look to medical causes for Poe's death, seeing him as suffering from either a diabetic coma or, perhaps even ahead of all, rabies! Despite all of these theories, founded or not, the most commonly held scenario, then and still to this day, was that Poe had dined manfully for the last time with that "Fifth Innkeeper" as he dubbed it in "The Black Cat," welcoming oblivion at the mouth of a bottle and drinking himself into the grave.

What happened to Poe during his journey from Richmond to New York? What what terror did he undergo on that fateful night? No one will ever truly know. Spec of Poe's last days were lost and will remain so no matter how long the debate rages. The answers to the mystery of Poe's demise are now so much worm-food, long buried with the writer himself beneath ordinary dirt. Now grant ourselves to the never-ending mystery that surrounds this stretch of Lombard Street that once housed Ryan's Fourth Ward Polls, we traveled now to the very Baltimore hospice where Poe was carried on the afternoon of October 3. Washington College Hospital.

We had only to drive a handful of blocks from the urban vista of Lombard Street to come upon the grand and looming Washington College Hospital, now known as Church Home and Hospital. It was here, to this venerable institution with its Gothic towers and gables on the corner of Broadway and Fairmont, that Poe was taken by carriage on that third of October. It was perhaps miserably appa-Poe that the water was brought to this particular hospital as it had in



Washington College Hospital, now known as Church Home and Hospital.

those days of gore a blood-drenched question that revealed the ghastly horrors of his very own world.

Opened in 1836, the then Washington College Hospital had by its maintenance aimed for itself a rather ghastly reputation for body snatching. It was rumored that bodies of the deceased lay in a close-by cemetery until set in the ground for a whole day before they were on a slab in the hospital under the scrutiny of anatomy students. Numerous tender marriages surrounded the place though. Whispered accusations arose among Baltimoreans of the place's doctor butchers abducting and mutilating men, who perhaps found themselves dead in position at night, their still-breathing bodies making for fresher specimens for the cutting examinations of would-be physicians. The blood-chilling stories that were said to have taken place within the walls of Washington College Hospital were so horrific that, when the place went bankrupt and was abandoned in 1895, local residents, still a-fear of the supposedly dreadful acts, tried to bring its unfollowed halls down in flames in several unsuccessful attempts. It was taken to this same hospital with its squalid history that Poe was brought on October 3, 1849. For a lover of the literary world as Poe, the surroundings could not have been more fitting.

When Poe was brought here, he was put under the care of Dr. John F. Moran. Although Moran has been credited by much of Poe scholarship as unreliable despite the fact that he made a fine living towards the latter half of the nineteenth century (looking on the author's final days, he remains the only source of information on Poe's state upon admission). His testimony, albeit fanciful and in many ways downplayed, is all that stands as a portrait of Poe's final days. According to Moran's accounts, Poe was taken to a room in one of the hospital's towers, where those ill from drink were confined so their behavior would not disturb the composure of the other patients. Over the course of the following four days, Poe is said to have work in and out of unconsciousness, rising from his darkness only to wake into a limited consciousness. Dr. Moran could not determine exactly what had so befuddled the author. Nor could he seem to recall his recovery because, in the dawn hours of October 7, after murmuring weakly, "Lord, help my poor soul..." Edgar Allan Poe, one of America's finest writers and the undeniable father of the horror genre, shed his powerful mind and wandered forth into the void, black he said that had so mocked his work. Poe's death was uninvestigated, "incongruous" (if the brain) the only cause of death officially attributed to his case. It would seem that hospital officials and Baltimore police were satisfied that his embittered demise was born out of his self-consuming debauchery with the bottle. To most, his death seemed so easily acceptable as an act of suicide begun many long years before. And so it came to be that perhaps one of Poe's most prominent men that of his own death, here at what once was Washington College Hospital all these long years ago.

Church Hospital was opened within the remains of Washington College



Hospital in 1943. The institution recognizes the part its ancestor played in the life and death of Edgar Allan Poe with two plaques that are said to hang on the hospital's walls to commemorate the start of its most famous patient. The first of these tributes adorns the lobby and the other, less one on the second floor in one of the hospital's two towers, marks the supposed site of Poe's death bed, the small room where the writer drew his last breath in that former life a few. If this is in fact truly a place Poe took his leave of this world, what an experience it would be would a one, *Red Reader*, to spend a night within those same four walls?

After taking in old Washington College Hospital, we departed for the final destination of our tour of Poe's Baltimore and the last place he ever yet, his corpse, ever saw the Westminster Cemetery, the final resting place of our beloved scribe, the eternally woodman Edgar Allan Poe...

We picked our way home along Fayette Street and disembarked for the final chapter of our grandly Gothic expedition to Baltimore. The grandiose and towering Westminster

Cathedral looked behind itself, wrought iron fence-topped stone wall, six ornate pillars curved with weather-worn wrought-iron gloves whose hands have met, time-honored monuments more befitting the church's venerable primacy. While modest in size, the churchyard was adorned with a fabulous array of monuments, from mammoth, round-topped sepulchers to disheveled table-like headstones whose inscriptions have long since been rendered illegible. Among the monuments situated within its grounds are portraits of both the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812 as well as some of Baltimore's most respected families here.

The final resting place of the burial ground's most well-known denizen lay at the corner of Payne and Greene Streets, the tall, white marble memorial of Edgar Allan Poe. Three of its four faces were inscribed with the names of the dead: two were those of Poe's own family, Mary Clemens and his dearly beloved, miserably departed bride, Virginia, between the two in its life, was Poe. His name etched into a marble tablet on the monument's rear aspect. The letters were sadly worn away, their edges smoothed from millions of rubbings done upon the author's name and the dates of his life by dozens of tourists over the years. The sun-bleached face of the crossway was decorated by Poe's own circular, copper bio-rod of the author's name (across) hung upon the front of the monument.

The material for the sculpted portrait was provided by the poems collected by Baltimore school children some years ago.

As beautiful to our bloodshot eyes as this towering tribute was, Edgar Allan Poe's remains and those of his loved ones did not find themselves beneath it until 1875, even though Poe cast off his corporeal shell nearly thirty years earlier. Let me explain. On November 17, 1875, Poe's remains were exhumed from the soil in which they had been interred rather unconcernedly about three decades before and, with those of Mary Clemens (who had also died in





Baltimore, some 45 years after Poe, were returned beneath this marble monument. Poe's substantial contribution to the author's contributions to Baltimore and all of American literature, was heralded by much fanfare. This new location in the corner of the cemetery was dedicated through a succession of elaborate ceremonies attended by admirers of the writer, his estate's lawyers, and American poet Walt Whitman, still the only man of letters to attend. The reinforcement guaranteed assurance the world over: helping not only to give rise to a renewed interest in Poe's works but also, perhaps more importantly, to help redeem his much-dimmed name. For Poe, dead now almost thirty years, such honor heaped upon his name was long overdue. Ten years later, Poe would be reunited with his last Virginia when her remains were brought to Baltimore from Portland, New York, to be buried with those of her former groom and dying mother beneath the vaultside of this same obelisk. But from where had Poe's remains been removed, you may be asking yourself. Bled Reader! Well, we two graveyard huffers would only have to turn the corner of the old church to find the very place.

We were our expectations: we sought the graveyard's aged daze and about the side of the simple-topped temple to the remainder of its properties. It was there, hidden behind the church and its encroaching stone walls, that we found it: the primeval grave of Edgar Allan Poe! The grassy, square plot was surrounded by a metal fence only inches tall. At the head of the burial lot was a round-topped gravestone, its gray, water-stained face engraved with a few simple words describing it as Poe's original burying place along with the years his body had lain there. Acept it was a solitary even, perched on stone not upon a bust of Polio, but Poe's very name, the statue which had become so synonymous with that black-winged hero. A single, weathered ring had been left at the base of the headstone. Another clinging left by some workshipper such as we lay curled at the corner of the plot: a birthday note recently scribbled upon a small slip of paper, its utter devotion sealed by the scrawled lipstick of kisses, no doubt truly meant not for the parchment upon which they were left but rather Poe's own phantasmal, postmortem lips.

It was in this very earth before which we stood that Poe was buried in the blackness and gloom of the afternoon of October 8, 1849. Only a small congregation of mourners, less than half a dozen, were assembled at the family burial plot, but twenty-seven, in the dreary man that day. As news of Poe's death only the day before had not yet reached his friends and family in Richmond or New York, only a handful of Poe's relatives and acquaintances from Baltimore and surrounding parts attended the scant ceremony, which is reported to have lasted only minutes. And with this feeble, rain-spattered memorial, the remains of the man who was Edgar Allan Poe were lowered into the cold earth, his mortal pumps swallowed up by the gazing stare of the grave and the curiosity of onlookers. It would be many long years before this scene,



in that same graveyard dirt. And my purpose for this ghastly endeavor? Did I intend through some sort of vain necromancy to bring the author back from beyond the grave to weave further tales of the macabre? No, we yearned not to clutter the reverent Poe beneath our shadow in New Jersey. I had seen the first results of such black witchery with Peter Cushing and Jack Palance in "The Man Who Collected Poe," the extraordinary final chapter of *American Prince: The Warrens Garden*. Rather, this charnel dirt would be bottled like a fine vintage, its bouquet so patently sweet, and laid to rest before our dirt-stained editions of the writer's works, the festering centerpiece of our altar to that forever mismanaged father of horrors.

— Edgar Allan Poe

If you have ever been thrilled, its fled, and almost killed by Edgar Allan Poe's ruminations, squeals madmen and the macabre, then a periscope point such as ours into the depths of Baltimore's more antique wards will surely not disappoint. But as I said earlier, as are most urban settings, Baltimore is a city of extremes. So be prepared for a fine dose of the city's grittier, less-journey offerings. To assure that the only barriers you suffer while there are those of the imagination is to realize exactly where you are trespassing, about and let your behavior follow suit. And it would most assuredly be best to go about such a sojourn in numbers, not merely by your forlorn kneesomebodies. But it is fitting to have

such grim settings as these as the backdrop for a tour of Poe's macabre Baltimore haunts, such as those on which we voraciously gorged ourselves that day. A safer and more-free time would no doubt be spent among the bland flats so be had in the Inner Harbor, such as the pretentious pupae occupying grounds of the Edgar's Place museum, but, where is the fabled legacy in that ill!

Reader? So if you are a truly discernible Poe aficionado such as my soulfulsome bride and I, do give old Eddy A. a visit the next time you find yourself in Baltimore. He'll be waiting for you.





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# THE CHILLER

# INTERVIEWS

By Louis Paul

Charles Napier was born on April 12<sup>th</sup> 1936 (a Mr. Union, near Seelyville, Kentucky. With an interest in photography and painting, he became a sergeant in the U.S. military 311<sup>th</sup> Airborne Infantry division. After his military service,

Napier moved through a variety of professions including one as a teacher, which he often returned to. In 1964, he became bitten by the acting bug and performed in a number of community theater productions (even playing 'Iago' in *Othello*). At the Old Globe Theater's Shakespeare Festival he performed in a variety of major roles before finally heading out to Hollywood.

Charles Napier's first memorable appearance on television was in an early 1967 episode of *Mannix*, followed by a featured role on *Star Trek* (as 'Adams' in the episode *Wings of Eagles*). Afterwards, he decided to use the country as the road and took on a position as a photographer and journalist for the trucking magazine *Overdrive*.

During this period, Napier became involved with another former army personnel photographer named Russ Meyer. Meyer, who had been experimenting with nudes-themed subject matter for his movies, cast Napier in *Cherry Moon* and *Rage* (1968), and other films, including *Devils*, *The Valley of the Gods* (1969), *The Seven Minutes* (1971), and *Supervixens* (1977). Napier became Russ Meyer's male muse, the brute-ish, quiet, jaded comic, black everything who becomes an irresistible object of masculinity to women everywhere. In Meyer's fantasy world well-endowed women appreciate themselves at the feet of ho-men like Charles Napier.

Charles Napier also appeared on television programs like *Mission: Impossible*, *Mannix*, *The Nightingale Files*, *Spartan* and *Hunt*, and others, including on-screen roles in two show-loved western series, *Oregon Trail* (1957) and *The Outlaws* (1968) both with Rod Taylor. These roles paved the way for appearances in more mainstream films (often directed by Guy who recalled him as the Russ Meyer films) like *Jonathan Demme's* *Citizen Band* (1976), *The Last Embrace* (1979), *Melvin and Howard* (1980), *The River Brothers* (1980), *Amelia*, *First Blood II* (1985), *Body Count* (1986), *Deep Space* (1987), *The Night Stalker* (1987), *Murder in the Mob* (1988), *When Bats Attack*, *The Silence of the Lambs* (1991), *National Lampoon's Loaded Weapon* (1993), *Philadelphia* (1993), *Clayton Kopp* (1998), *Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery* (1997), and *Hotel*, *Professor M*, *The Kluge* (2000).

**LOUIS PAUL:** How does it feel to be one of the most recognizable actors in Hollywood?

**CHARLES NAPIER:** I don't know, it's what you do for a living. I like to meet the people, the fans, because they're the ones who made you.



Is it true that after performing in community theater productions, that you became a journalist-photographer for a magazine for truckers, enabling you to see the country at the same time?

I did a movie called *Mosquero* with Richard Dyer and Sonny Liston, and it was about trucking. I took a three year hiatus and became a photographer and a writer for the *Overdrive* trucking magazine. And, it was a great three years, a great three years covering all over the United States west wherever the truck is more going, and I learned a lot more about life in general.

How did you get involved with Russ Meyer?

As I recall I had a girlfriend at the time, I can't remember if she was a girlfriend or a friend, probably both. And she had an interest with Russ Meyer. I don't know who he was and she said he made X-rated films. Back in those days, that meant like that was almost like pornography. So, I went along with her and met Russ and he wound up staying on and not her.

What was it like, appearing in these early Russ Meyer films? It was kind of strange because in those days most of them played Specialty theatres?

Yeah in New York, in Los Angeles, in Chicago, wherever. But, when I did *Cherry Moon* and *Rage*, United Artists picked me up. So there I am in two thousand theaters with my butt hanging out and... I never had any center though. It actually helped. It You have to remember that I've been doing this for thirty-five years. So the guys who were young and growing up during the peak of the Russ Meyer films, became heroes like John Larroca, and Jonathan Demme, and Ben Siller and all those guys were kids who grew up to be doctors, and whatever and they wound up working with me. Alfred Hitchcock saw *Supervixens* and put me on a contract with Universal.

Of the films that you did with Russ Meyer, were there any particular favorites of yours?

No, because they were all the same. Brutally hard work, I've been in the army. I was in the 11<sup>th</sup> Airborne Cyn unit, working for Russ Meyer was like going through three basic trainings because you go out into the desert with a camera and sound and that was it. You did all the camera, yourself, all the driving, all the fighting, and stayed in the desert until the movie was made, and then we came out.

You also worked quite a bit with Jonathan Demme. Are there any favorite film appearances that you have done for him?

As I recall Jonathan Demme said he was in the Philippines and saw me in one of those movies and said one day I'd like to work





with that guy Philadelphia was my role. I've been working for him for eighteen years doing walk-ons, whatever, and the character of the judge (in Philadelphia) was written for me, and then I mostly got cut out because in this business, if you're in a big movie with somebody who's been nominated for Academy Awards, then you have serious name to them.



You worked in Europe for Antonio Marghera and Umberto Lenzi and others, was there a particular European filmmaker that you enjoyed working with, or a particular European film that you enjoyed working on?

Marghera would probably be my favorite European director. Second would be Umberto Lenzi. My favorite film was *Hernando y Rodriguez*. We shot that in Italy and the Dominican Republic. I always enjoyed working with the Italians very much. They always treated me very good, so it was generally a good experience. We worked pretty hard but like I say after Ross Meyer, everything else was easy.

Do you have a particular approach to acting, or does it just come naturally to you?

When we were kids, we played cowboys and Indians, gangsters, whatever. If you remember that, you didn't have to stop and think about getting into character. I think actors have very childish minds...unsublimated, let's put it that way. And, you're just able to do that with not too much awareness of making a fool out of yourself by doing this or doing that, or being this and being that. Oh, maybe we don't even have a real self so it's easy. I don't know. Basically, that's it. When you were a kid, you didn't think about it. You just played that part, you played that part. Some children who grow up quickly are able to do that, some aren't, and I can't really break acting down into any other way except that. What you look like

counts to what they cast you for, your voice quality, your speech pattern, your accent or whatever. And, in my particular case it broke down into one or two those four. I look like a truck driver when I was younger. I was playing bad guys. Now that I'm older I'm playing judges. I'm playing a lot of army military officers, and I've sort of become the token of Hollywood. Sometimes, somebody throws me into these films just to say that they have me in these films, probably, but that's OK, too.

What are your favorite film roles?

I judge films by the amount of fun I've had working on them, like *The Miami Showboys*. John Belushi was great fun. *Blondie* is, because of the location. *Amadeus* for two months... As far as the roles, I just go and do them, really. If I ever get a chance to do comedy, I will. That's more fun than anything else is, and all bad guys are funny guys. I like these kinds of movies, I'd like to be funny, and I'd like to thank I'm funny. So do a straight heavy or drama or OK, but it's much more fun to do comedy if somebody gives you a chance.

What have you been working on recently?

I've recently been on *The Practice*. I did a *Daughters* *Murder* last year. I do voiceovers for General Motors, and I do a lot of cartoon voices. I guest star on *The Simpsons*. I'm a regular on *Mrs. in Black*, and I've done voices for *Baywatch* and *The Contender*.

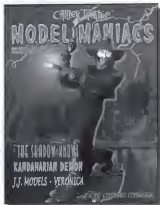
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# BACK FROM THE DEAD

## SYNOPSIS and REVIEW

### by JOHN BRUNAS

Mandy Anthony (Peggie Castle) is the last month of her pregnancy coincides to her husband Dick (Arthur Franz) and sister Kate (Marsha Hunt) that she finds threatened by an extraordinary. Shortly after, Mandy suffers an epileptic seizure and subsequently succumbs. When she awakens in the hospital, she's a changed person. The spirit of Dick's first wife Felicia, killed years before in a drowning accident, has taken charge of Mandy's body and soul. Mandy has become the personification of Felicia's sinister scheming, willing to commit murder to hold onto Dick.

Felicia visits the home of her aged parents. Her mother Ada Bradley (Helen Wallace), who belongs to a cult led by the famous Master Renall (Don Haggerty), is convinced that her efforts to revive Felicia's spirit have proved successful. My Bradley (Marsha Hunt) is reputed and joins forces with Kate to fight the Satanists.

Kate is nearly killed by a spell inflicted upon her by Mrs. Bradley. The old couple succumb when a deadly showdown. Left without an ally and seeking her control over Mandy is fading. Felicia's approach to Renall who arranges for a blood sacrifice on the condition she leave Dick for him. "Felicia" agrees and engineers the kidnapping of Mandy (Dorothy Scott) in a forest of Dicks and Mandy. With the help of Nancy Cordell (Marianne Sarrett), Renall's scorned lover, Dick and Kate penetrate the devil priest's stronghold and rescue Mandy. Attempting to escape, Renall is shot to death by Nancy. Felicia's spirit abandons Mandy's body. She awakens in the hospital completely oblivious as to what happened to her.

An eerie, moodily effective, but deeply flawed film, *Back from the Dead* is one of those rare low budget B-horror pictures which have somehow eluded critical analysis in books and features over the years. Produced by Regal Films, a subsidiary of 20th Century-Fox, in 1957, sharing a double-bill with the inferior *The Unknown Terror*, *Back from the Dead* takes an intriguing premise (devildom working among well-to-do Southern Californians) and twists away on lurid potential into a story that suggests more than it ultimately delivers.

Under the producers' tampered with Catherine Turney's screenplay, while the film was in production, to make a seamless mix in the negative of the best of blame for the film's weaknesses go and to the writer. Turney, who based the script on her own novel *The Other Dick*, enjoyed a successful career as Warner Brothers in the 1940s, penning happy melodramas for Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Crawford and Bette Davis. Evidence of her production for "women's pictures" may also be found in *Back from the Dead*. There is an emphasis on home, beach, life settings (the women work in and around Laguna Beach's beachclubs). The male characters are weak, like, or in best (reflected), while the females, be they good or evil, dominate the drama.

Director Charles Marquis Warren, grandson of J. B. Wiggins apostate, wears a mask of apprehension and fear (looking from the camera in a prelude to the final act) effectively marooning the Satanists. The directorial hesitancy for pursuing key dramatic

Did she come  
back to LOVE  
or KILL?



A REGALSCOPE PICTURE

with  
**PEGGIE CASTLE** **ARTHUR FRANZ**  
**MARSHA HUNT** **DON HAGGERTY**

Produced by ROBERT STANLEY

Directed by CHARLES MARQUIS WARREN

Screenplay by CATHERINE TURNEY

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scenes with shots of crashing surf. The device works. Warren's efforts are aided immeasurably by Russell Kraussman's mood-provoking score, particularly the theremin-toned, moon tale theme, which deserves preservation on CD. On the minus side, Warren fails to clarify Turney's sometimes vague plot steps. The lurid confrontations between the Bradleys, for instance, take place off-camera, the result may best be described as bewildering.

Performance-wise, Arthur Franz and Peggie Castle perform capably enough but Don Haggerty seems devotedly ill at ease in his role as Franz's friend. Acting ladies go to Marsha Hunt. As Mandy's older sister Kate, Hunt is a pillar of strength, determined to fight the forces of evil to save back her sister's soul. In supporting roles, Helen Wallace is chilling as the malicious Mrs. Bradley, Val Lewton veteran James Bell (The Crooked Man, I Walked With a Zombie) as fiend as her God-fearing sponsor, and Marianne Sarrett as haunting as the triple, Nancy. On the other hand, German singer Otto Harbach, a fixture in World War II films, is just as awful as Renall.

With rightward direction and a more focused screenplay, *Back from the Dead* could have been a real sleeper instead of an interesting misfire.

# MARSHA HUNT on Back From the Dead

## As Told to Tom Weaver

In the mid-1930s, the widely publicized story of a young, light-skinned Colorado housewife who turned (after a typhoid, depression, 10 to 15 years with a career) into a dark-skinned woman named Beulah Murphy—sparked an intense public interest in race-mixing. One of the many movies made at an intersection of film on the stage was *Royal Palm* (1934), with Arthur Franz in the husband of a woman (Peggie Castle) who is now suddenly possessed by the malevolent spirit of Franz's ex-nuptial first wife. The film was actually based on a novel that preceded the film, Catherine Tanny's *The Other One* (1932), a novel tale told in the first person by one of its characters, the powerful woman's sister Kay. Tanny's novel was "inspired" for the movies at the height of Red-baiting, and the key role of Kay belonged to Marsha Hunt.

Born in Chicago and raised in New York, Hunt was a fashion model before landing a Paramount contract in the mid 1930s. She was later under contract to MGM. My happy years' (playing such a variety of roles that she came to be called "Hollywood's Youngest Character Actress"). But in the late 1940s, Hunt was one of a number of stars who protested the House Un-American Activities Committee's probe of Communist activity in Hollywood—and promptly became "unemployable" as a result of the Hollywood Blacklist era. One of her few movies in the final century since *Back from the Dead*.

### MARSHA HUNT:

When *Back from the Dead* came along, I was so grateful to be offered a chance to act again. I was in the mood of being black and white, without it or having any interest in Communism, I was black and white, I was speaking out against black and white. As a protest against what was happening at that time of Cold War paranoia, I just wanted getting off of work. I was as thoroughly blacklisted as if I had been a Red. So, to get an offer of something [*Back from the Dead*] that was at least an interesting assignment was just fine. It was no beautiful drama, it was not something I wanted to do as a vehicle, but—never mind! It was being allowed to function again. Tom Weaver: The people who made *Back from the Dead*—were they not aware of your status, or were they defying the blacklists?

All have no way of knowing. Before I did the film, I didn't know the names of anyone connected with it, with the casting or the production or direction or writing of it. Perhaps they didn't know I was blacklisted. I was not a publicized figure in the public because I was career subconscious, never called before a committee in Washington or Sacramento. I just quietly stopped working. It may be they didn't even know that I had a problem? Or, it may be that they did know, but it didn't matter to them because they were independent filmmakers and not part of that "major studio" conspiracy that had agreed to just blacklist anyone who was ever communist.

The Beulah Murphy story—I didn't give that a whole lot of credence. But I don't really condemn anyone for liking to believe in the occult or in reincarnation or whatever. I think it brings comfort



Marsha Hunt (right) works to free Peggie Castle from the dominating influence of her husband's late first wife.

and I think that's fine—unless on some way, it helps some realize. I don't form judgments about that. I found it an interesting phenomenon, the fact that [the topic of reincarnation] caught on with the public so much as it did. I think it was probably mostly a media thing, wasn't it? But it very likely did inspire them to make the movie.

About Arthur Franz: there was nothing terrible. I do want to recall that he was not a particularly jolly fellow. I didn't get to know him. We worked comfortably together but there was no exchange of the kind that might start a friendship. But that night did turn when you work in a film, particularly in a film that was not too strictly *Back from the Dead* had a tight schedule, and you were kept at the job of rehearsing the scene or shooting it. Quite often in those circumstances, you're a fellow actor, well, I was not just like a fellow worker in an office. You get along, you do your work, and then you go to your separate lives at the end of the day. I think it's men when a friendship begins in a production. It's not the same as the theater. In a play, you're much more intimately associated with fellow actors. You have a long rehearsal period, and the fate of the show depends on whether you keep going or not. If the critics don't like it, and you close right after you open, you're all out there looking for the next job. So you have a common fate on it, and there's a camaraderie and a chance to get to know and like each other, more than in filmmaking.

Don Haggerty was much more personable and light-hearted and pleasant to work with [*than Franz*]. That was a great pleasure. Peggie Castle. I had no knowledge or recollection whatsoever prior to that. But she was professional and very good-natured, I thought. And certainly very pretty. Nice person. I didn't get to know her well, because we were all working pretty hard. I didn't come away with any strong impression about her. I was under the impression that she did not terribly long after [1973]. It's a shock, of course, when someone that young leaves us.

There was one person in the cast who I met for the first time on the film and she later became a good friend. That was Evelyn Scott [playing Beulah's friend of the family]. And there was someone that I liked, Margaret Stewart [playing a call girl]. She had been married to that very distinguished Broadway actor Louis Calhern. We rode together to the location and had one of those rare, intense



conversations between old Broadway actors who meet in California and find how many friends in common they have from New York.

*Back from the Dead* was shot at an independent studio, one of the smaller ones. I think it was on Melrose Avenue in Hollywood. I remember a couple of encounters that had nothing to do with the film.

I ran into George Montgomery, who was such a beautifully handsome and very dear man. He was a fine actor, but never had the starring career I think he might well have deserved. He was married then to Doreen Shores, my husband [screenwriter Robert Rossen] and I had them over to the house a few times and we to them. That was the first time I'd seen George in some years, and we had a great session there on the studio street. And I saw Sophia Loren in person for the first and only time, in the little corner story on the lot where people wait for a little bit of lunch. I couldn't resist introducing myself to her, because she had just completed a film my husband had written, *Legend of the Lost* (1957) with John Wayne. I spoke to her about that and asked about her experiences shooting in the desert. She was very cordial, very nice, but I remember she looked just a little baffled when I mentioned Robert's name. Later, when the film came out and I saw it, I understood why—the title's response to my husband's name. Ben Hecht, who was a very famous writer and newspaperman and a colorful person, had done some screenwriting because John Wayne wanted it a little more "banal"—more one-syllable words, less educated-sounding, that my Robert's script. So Sophia Loren was apparently none as an old Ben Hecht. Anyway, I remember those encounters more than the actual shooting of *Back from the Dead*.

It was Laguna Beach where we did all of the exterior. That is down the coast from L.A., a goodly drive—I think it's an hour and a half to two hours. Laguna Beach is a particularly beautiful community. It's beautiful and colorful and strictly charming. Everything out of doors was that in and around Laguna. I remember that location because where they put us up was a hotel, motel, whatever, right up a cliff above the beach. You just looked out your window at the whole Pacific Ocean. And wonderful flowers, which bloomed particularly well with the ocean spray wafting there all the time. The flowers that you plant along a beach bloom like crazy! I loved that place and I remembered it so fully that some years later, when my mother was very ill with cancer, and still just able to get around, I wanted to give her a treat, and we I took her to that same place. The festival was on, the annual, wonderful Art Festival in Laguna, which is quite famous. They do "living paintings"—live people replicate classic paintings—and we went to that. And Mother had some great words—a friend of mine was running a very good restaurant there. Mother had one treat after another, packed into several days, all working out of that same Laguna hotel. It was a joy. And it was grateful to the location for *Back from the Dead* that gave the idea of giving my mother "home out" from being ill. She remembered it fondly the rest of her days.

The director was Charles Marquis Warren. I remember him more vividly than I remember anyone in the cast. Charles was a very charismatic, personable man, a delightful person, good director. Fun to talk with, a stimulating conversationalist. I remember he and his wife had my husband Robert and me to dinner a time or two. And that was all, I never did see him again. But after Robert died (1986), I was startled to have a phone call from Charles—I was

surprised that he even still had my number. He talked for 15 don't know maybe 20 minutes about my Robert, about his respect and admiration for my husband's writing talent and accomplishments, and how it was a thrill for him to be around my husband. I had no idea until Robert died that Charles had this extreme interest in Robert's work and in him as a man. I was

so touched that Charles called to give that lengthy tribute, as I was getting over the shock of losing a man who was not ill—Robert died without warning. I was terribly touched that Charles did that. **TV: *Back from the Dead*'s shooting title was reportedly *The Other One*—does that ring a bell?**

Yes, I think that was on the script when it was sent to the. I do remember this title, and finding it intriguing.

**TV: Were you disappointed at the change to the more lurid title?**

Oh, well—that's money for you?

I know I saw it when it was finished. I don't know where I suppose it is these days. It was not a horror film, it didn't send chills up the spine, there was nothing grotesque in it. The horror movies of today, of course, are drastically different from the ones made back then. Today it's a festival of special effects and what I call "shock and schlock." It has very little to do with the kind of drama that I grew up watching, the kind of drama that we were making when I was active in the field. Our stories were about people's relations with each other, and they were biographies of people of great achievement, and they were adventure stories, and the heroes were heroes—they weren't flawed, they weren't "warts and all" as they are today. It was an entirely different approach to storytelling and as to what needed to be told. I'm in a state of disbelief about today's films. I really am. There are exceptions, of course, but in general, I think they're terrible. I think they're overly revealed-up. I don't like the jump cuts that give you a different image every second. You don't have time to see one image before it's replaced by another. And finally you wind up not caring, it takes continuity, it takes a flow of continuity to get involved with a character and care about him or her. But that's not the approach to film today.

*Back from the Dead*, it's certainly not a fine film, I don't think that I could even say it's a good film. But it's such an interesting personage—at its very, deconstructed, exhibiting the second wife's body—that you stay tuned. It's something that is intriguing and holds the audience and it's professionally done. It just doesn't have a quality to make it memorable. And I certainly was not memorable to it—my role was merely hand-wringing. But my character was a little spunky. She certainly does more than the poor husband's role. He is barely there! And he's the one that both those wives chose to marry! But it's my character, the writer, who does all the deterring and standing up to evil.

No, *Back from the Dead* is not going to make history as a film. But not a disgrace either. Somewhere between the two, I think. And it was a break in the [period of blacklisting] I had in my career, and I was just happy to be back at work.



Marjorie Hunt



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# BOOK REVIEWS

## BY AL BACA



### The Dinosaur Filmography

Mark F. Berry  
(McFarland, 800-253-2187, \$45, Hc.)

I have always loved dinosaur movies! Nothing beats the image of a T-Rex snapping up a feebly fighting coelocan and crunching on him like a granola bar. So, I must say I'm in for pot heaven with *The Dinosaur Filmography*. Yes, I used a little

Mark F. Berry, a technical writer by trade, has written the definitive book on dinosaur movies. The reason this is a great book is that Berry approaches the subject with a true love of the genre. In his preface he tells the reader that he "enjoyed writing this book as it allowed me to combine three of my favorite things: writing movies (the areas of special effects, in particular), and dinosaurs." This enjoyment translates superbly to the written page in content, enthusiasm, and informative analysis.

Berry is very specific about the films he includes in this book. To be included, the movie "must show on screen one or more dinosaurs represented as prehistoric, reptilian, and non-humanal." Oh, I'm hooked.

From obscure titles (*Adam Bakula Cain* 1919) to blockbuster megahits (*Jurassic Park*, 1993), the author presents an admirable cross section of dinosaur cinematography.

Each entry, presented alphabetically, begins with the title followed by a quote from the film—a sample clip that draws the reader into the analysis. Films are rated on a star system—from 0 (far far worst) to 4 (for the best). Cast and credit listings follow with all the usual information and plot summaries. But, best of all, Berry includes in the longest entries (films for which there is a lot of information available) descriptive text divided into, "nomenclature," "people and production," and "special effects." It is here that this book shines.

Thoroughly researched, Berry concentrates on special effects engineering in his discussion of these films. Including summaries and quotes from such luminaries as Ray Bradbury, Ray Harryhausen, and Jan Dardorff gives the reader insight into technical aspects of production.

Also included is a vast array of stills, many of which have never been published. There are three shots, for example, of British effects artist Roger Deakins' work as the *Sapiensaurus-Retropolitanus* fight from the movie *Trog*. The footage he filmed was never used in the

film, in favor of rehashing old stock from *The Animal World*.

Topping off this terrific tome are three appendices: "Dino-Cinema and Paleo-Film," discusses films with dinosaur themes, plot elements, or isolated dinosaur themes; "Lost Worlds" lists dinosaur films that might have been or might yet be; "Hi Caine From Japan" gives a chronology of the quasi-dinosaur from Japan's Toho Studios. And, to top it off, a detailed bibliography and index completes the book.

*The Dinosaur Filmography* is the epitome reference work of the genre. Berry's youthful enthusiasm, combined with superb research and great content, make this book a choice.

### Horror Films of the 1970's

(McFarland, 800-253-2187, \$34.95, Hc.) John Kenneth Muir

The decade of the 1970's brings to mind some notable visions of pop culture. The lowest cost, *Wavelength*, Billy Carter (Billy Beer and peanuts), the Ford Pinto, Michael Jackson (when he was Black and had a nose), right-back players, the New York Daily News drama, the Pepsi Vegetarian—the list goes on!

The 70's also introduced a plethora of great, near-great, and truly awful movies. Now for the first time ever in one amazing volume, John Kenneth Muir brings on *Horror: Films of the 70's*, a detailed text covering 231 films released during that amazing decade. Muir is an independent filmmaker, a contributor to numerous genre magazines, and author of *Terror Television*, *The Films of John Carpenter*, and *Wes Craven: The Art of Horror*.

In his introduction, Muir details how the fears and concerns of the decade were mirrored in films released during that period. Consider how these themes were portrayed in film: Woman as Lib in *The Stepford Wives*, high crime rate in Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*, man's dependency on machinery in Robert Wise's *The Andromeda Strain* and Michael Crichton's *Westworld*, and effects of industrial pollution in Larry Cohen's *It's Alive*. Muir uses the text for a detailed examination of 1970's horror cinema.

The book is presented in three sections. First, a history of the decade gives a good introduction to and overview of horror films in the 70's. Second, chronologically listed film entries include critical



columns from the Times and *High Society* (which, unfortunately, still epitomizes and summarizes). Also included are some more, but different, entries in a new addition called *Reflections*, which tracks the work of the film and/or filmmakers in horror decades to define. All films are ranked by the obligatory one-to-four star system. Lastly, several appendices provide dramatic recap lists for *Wrong Turn* (The Victorian Trip Game Book!), which includes such titles as *Deliverance*, *The Hills Have Eyes*, and *I Spat on Your Grave*.

More winning is *My Favorite Film and Horror*. Here, reviews of films rank the pleasures from terror (*Deliverance*) to humor (*Frankenstein and the Monster From Hell*) to claustrophobia (*Throne on a Nethurk*) to downright awful (*Beware the Beast*) to classic (*The Exorcist*) and everything in between. I enjoyed making the commentary on such films as *Frankenstein*'s delicate juggling act between humor and death in equal proportion. "Mac gets it right. He sees humor in films where humor was intended. He sees horror in films where it was not intended. He understands just the price and easily parleys his wisdom to the written page."

So crank up your eight-track player, tune up the New York Dolls, move your lava lamp and make room for this book on your shelf. It is an indispensable reference to a decade of truly eclectic extremes.

#### The Monsters of Elizabeth Frankenstein Random House (1994)

So you say you're a Frankenstein fan? You say you have several videotapes of the 1931 James Whale masterpiece, and watch the film every time it shows up on cable? You say you even have a copy of the most recent version by Francis Ford Coppola? One of my most generous has at least fifty cassettes with the movie Frankenstein in the title. So, if you're a true buff, you have many, but some offerings to choose from, both good and bad, to satisfy your craving. Not to mention the films that don't directly have Frankenstein in the title but have Frankensteinian themes, or are retellings of the tale. With such a bounty of material on the subject of the oh-so-wild Doctor F and his larger creations, one question remains—have you ever read the original story by Mary Shelley?

Someone got a paperback of the original story into my hands, and I decided I'd worn over to be any kind of a horror aficionado, to read it. I had previously read Boris Stoker's original *Dracula* and wondered why I had waited so long to read what was quite an entertaining story. So, with hopes high, I dove into Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*.

Let me begin by stating that it's not a long book—a just seems that way. Written at the early part of the nineteenth century and given the era's classic style of the day, the book is seemingly difficult to get through. The basic story is a solid one: a modern retelling of the Prometheus mythological. Yet, the book suffers from poor execution. With all due respect to that great story idea, Mary Shelley was not an adept novelist. The execution is so over-the-top and the prose so hard at times it's almost unreadable. She drops plot threads all over the place and often fails to make anything of obvious importance. Her protagonist, Victor Frankenstein, is often an

overweight and self-indulgent character who is a real life wonder how he was able to get the scientific progress he did. I passed on and put through, but it was an effort. Nevertheless, I recommend the book as a reward of a deeper understanding of the Frankenstein myth. It will be a pleasure to compare it with other versions out there.

This review certainly could be a criticism of Mr. Shelley's work, however, but a critique of a much better work, Theodore Roszak's 1994 novel *The Monsters of Elizabeth Frankenstein* or Roszak is described as a writer together and many Shelley scholars will rooted in the darker side of science and technology and is shown in this book's vivid detail. More than a mere sequel or "prequel," this novel fills in all the empty spaces in Mary Shelley's narrative.

Roszak uses the same narrative device Mary Shelley did, namely the sea captain Sir Robert Walton, who was the recipient of the dying Victor Frankenstein's wonderful and agonizing tale. In Roszak's tale, Walton has gained possession of the journal of Victor's unfortunate fiancée Elizabeth. The tale is then told via his reconstructing her journal entries, interpreted with his own editorial refinements. Elizabeth's story parallels the events in the former book but is told from her feminine perspective. In this manner we are told of Elizabeth's genesis, and become intimately familiar with the entire Frankensteinian from the time that Victor and Elizabeth are children. But this is the Victorian novelist's Elizabeth, a two-dimensional character devised to appeal to the reader of Shelley's day, but a fully realized three-dimensional woman of her time. Here is an excerpt, written by Walton, to give you an idea.

To this day I have not always regarded Elizabeth Frankenstein as the victim of her fiancé's twisted notions. But gradually, as my studies of the strange tale that surrounds Elizabeth's life have deepened, I have grown steadily less certain of her moral character. I could never have guessed that I should discover this seemingly guileless young woman dabbling in evil. But our Christian forefathers assumed we long since purged from society. Nor could I have imagined her voluntarily delving into the esoteric practices that convey the dark side of alchemical philosophy. After a time I could no longer tell which of these two—Victor or Elizabeth—had debauched the other. Was it possible, as certain passages in this text suggest, that Elizabeth, far from being a reluctant participant in her lover's unnatural pursuits, was to some degree their instigator? Given what I have learnt from her own accounts, I must conclude that what I would once have found unthinkable is indeed true: Frankenstein was not alone in perpetrating the obscenities he confessed to me. In fact he was willing accomplice, whose culpability is little short of his. (Pg. 103 & 104)

If you are a fan of modern horror, you will find this book up to your expectations. Though Roszak writes in the Victorian style, he avoids some of the more anachronistic afflictions. The narrative is quite readable as a result. Though not an action story by any means, Roszak's clear, precise style flows smoothly on, moving the tale along quickly.

Another thing that makes this an impressive read is the erotic content of the story. Roszak mixes Herman (Laplace) and Wilson (twist) here to provide a lush, erotic backdrop against which Elizabeth, Roszak's Caroline Frankenstein, and the other female characters play their parts. Where Mary Shelley merely glosses over her character's familial bonds, Roszak fleshes out Victor Frankenstein's relationships with his mother and father, as well as with the woman he will one day marry. His portrayals, Barnes



contemporary Victorian ladies—as a man of the Enlightenment—a scientist, a logician, a thoughtful and science—often in odds with his contemporary wife. This tautology works well to create tension as we narrate and provide a rationale for what comes later. As we move forward, as the narrative goes of time, Rosack provides multiple counterpoints by contrasting his views on Victorian depictions of prostitution, the more extensive passages are described with that era's scientific, social and delicate turns of phrase. Nonetheless, many of his views are downright scary. This excerpt will serve to demonstrate.

"Mother each time shows me the sketches she has made. My hands move away into a knot, but my body is drawn with great care to show every shape and shadow—and every blotch, the small dark spots along my shoulder that I was born with, the all but wholly solid scar at my temple, even the fine hairs that curl on my nipples. And curl beneath my arms. Often she asks me to place my self in standing postures, my thighs spread and opened before so that she can sketch every strand of hair and fold of the inner flesh. Her objections are graphic at the entrance, though often decorated with flowery shapes and cooling touches that serve as veils of beauty and sex. She asks what I think of her work. I let a small note of approval sound on my voice. It is not frank, I think.

"How so?"

"I would not want strangers to see those postures if they knew I had been the model. They show too much."

"Mother is amazed. 'I think you mean the hair'."

"Yes."

"—Your eye has been too much collected by the past and is ignorant of us" (pp. 143 & 144)

Rosack balances any criticism on the part of the female historian with an occasional editorial reference by Sir Robert. In doing this, he neither comes down on one side or the other, maintaining objectivity throughout. I was also impressed with his knowledge of the more abstruse principles his characters employ. He obviously did his homework before writing this work. Keeping within the Victorian framework of the book's era, Rosack effortlessly manages to show how alienated the women of that day could have been in spite of society's strictures.

The part of the book that covers Victor's unnatural experiments will be a definite highlight for any serious Frankenstein fan. Though we are denied the "creation" scene, we are told of Victor's work in an oblique fashion through his letters, which provides much detail and insight left out in Shelley's original work. To be fair, many of the facts Rosack presents weren't even included in Shelley's tale. Here we have the motivations behind the young physician's pursuits in his original novel, clearly delineating each character's actions. Rosack also develops a relationship between Elizabeth and the monster—something entirely absent from the original tale. In so doing, he makes the inevitable final confrontation that much the more poignant.

I found *The Memoirs of Elizabeth Frankenstein* to be a fascinating read. As fantastic stories go, it has all the elements a reader could wish for. There is enough science to lend an air of veracity to the fantastic goings on, a fresh insight into the feminine situation of the period, and enough eerie space to keep the reader coming in to the story. In spite of the familiarity most people have with the Frankenstein legend, Rosack manages to develop a fair amount of atmosphere in the reader as well. It will be a welcome addition to any Frankenstein fan's library. I leave you with the somewhat eerie words from his foreword:

"I have long felt that the Frankenstein Mary [Shelley] most wanted actually the world has hidden in an under story, that only Elizabeth could have written. This retelling of the tale parallels the original version, but views the events as only Elizabeth could have known them. In placing an aboriginal relationship in the center of the novel, Mary Shelley was delving deeper into the psychological foundations of Western science than she may consciously have realized. In her own time she could not yet have known the source of the sources of alchemy, but by intuitive insight into what alchemists reveals about the sexual politics of science, her guesses to be accordingly correct. I hope that speaking as the bride of Frankenstein, she will at last find the voice she was not free to adopt on her own day.



## Serial Killer Cinema

(McFarland, \$30, 291 (218) 946-1111)

Robert Carl

The films of the last fifteen years have popularized the serial killer in mainstream America. Moviegoers everywhere became familiar with the serial killer and the profiler through such films as *Silence of the Lambs* and *Hannibal*, both based upon novels written by Thomas Harris.

Characters depicted in these films transcended movie melodrama to become cultural phenomenon. Hannibal Lecter became a household name—thanks to scene (and flesh)-chewing performances by Anthony Hopkins and Jodie Foster won an Academy Award for his portrayal of FBI science profiler Clarence Starling. *Anatomy* was dog-eared by, yet attracted to, the serial killer in cinema.

Based upon the popularity and polarity of this abhorrent attraction, Robert Carl has compiled the first book (and I am aware of) devoted entirely to this genre. Of course, many argue that this is a sub-genre, with films depicting the acts of serial killers are usually classified under the horror or thriller genre's. But, why quibble, when the subject matter is so psychologically fascinating?

Carl's filmography covers more than 500 films—from the 1930's to 2000. His inclusion of a film into this book is consciously based upon specific criteria regarding the definition of a serial killer. "The serial killer must be a repeat, pattern offender with motives of sexual manipulation, domination, and control."

A good variety of films are listed, in alphabetical order by title, in this 500+ page book. Fritz Lang's *M* (1931), H.G. Wells' *Blood and Iron* (1909), Don Siegel's *Dirty Harry* (1971), Alvin Karpis's *Drifter Killer*, Ridley Scott's *Hannibal* (2001)—and many, many more—give you an indication of the diversity of subject matter Carl has certainly included some great, and fun, films for which he provides analysis.

His analysis of each film consists of basically three elements: screen credits—plot summary, and psycho-sociological commentary. It is in the latter segment that this book falls short.

Part of the fun of seeing a serial killer film is the gut in, pleasure I derive from the viewing. When I saw Ted Mikel's *The Corpse Grinders*, for example, I'm not looking for anything more than check your brains in the docu exploitation. Carl however takes a serious approach to the film, "*The Corpse Grinders* emphasizes Capitalism as the cause of serial murder. Hence it depicts the

deplorable, racist/sexist/ homophobic conditions which envelops its protagonists. When I may be in a completion, but when I watch this film I laugh at our local family centers using human corpses as their main ingredients—with care then developing a taste for human blood. Civil is simply not, although perhaps as true as a convicted professional serial-killer, the camp nature of the film. This tone occurs throughout the book. In some cases I must admit, the tone doesn't get the humor in the novels, but analysts.

And here I must have to say Civil obviously has not seen all the films he has written about. In *The Twisted Murders* he comments "It is still a reportedly tedious film to sit through." Again, my simple mind perhaps. I am not a writer provide a commentary on a film he has not seen? It's OK, but films not seen due to lack of availability etc, but don't provide commentary.

Given the book's shortcomings, however, I do commend the efforts of the author in compiling a serial killer smorgasbord of films. Also, he has included some interesting and not often seen video. Civil states that his book "is meant as an aid for the further analysis of a body of work. As aid it is — one can only hope, however, for future focus on this genre."



### The Brian Lumley Companion

(For \$25.95, \$6.95)

Edited by Brian Lumley and Stanley Weber

Brian Lumley is a British author who, having been influenced by Richard Matheson's *I Am Legend* and Robert Bloch's *Notorious*, found in a deserted house began his career writing Lovecraftian pastiches. His first two books, *The Caller of the Black* (1971) and *Beneath the Moors* (1974), were both published by August Derleth at Arkham House. First recognized as a major contributor to Lovecraft's *Cthulhu Mythology*, Lumley went on to gain not too immediate fame and popularity with *Necroscope* (1986). Requel followed sequel and he became one of the most popular horror writers of the '90's.

*Necroscope* for the uninitiated, with the tale of tough government agent Harry Kargh, armed with the ability to speak with the dead, and his controlling battles against monstrous vampires supported by the Soviet Union. How popular is *Necroscope* throughout the world? Lumley has written thirteen volumes in the series. The books have been published in thirteen countries (note the lucky 13!) with over two million copies sold in the U.S. alone. Add in the book series, *Necroscope* comics, graphic novels, role-playing games, action figures, a Lumley website and newsletter, and a Lumley convention KarghCon (!) and you get a *Necroscope* merchandise bonanza of the macabre. Also adds Lumley's recent *Psychomach* trilogy, his words in the *Time-Cross* series, four in the *Drumheads* series, and over 100 short stories.

So why the need for a Brian Lumley Companion? I recently saw Lumley at a book signing event. During the question period more than a few people asked very detailed questions about characters, timelines, and plot development from any one of a number of these writer-innate questions. I never would have thought to ask. And Lumley could write all the answers? I admit, I've read some Lumley, but cannot recall that Harry Kargh's grandfather was Irish and his grandmother was Russian. This companion will sort out all the data and fill in all the details!

The book, which serves as a guide to the life and work of Brian Lumley, is edited by Lumley and multiple Brian Sinker Award

winner Stanley Weber. *The Stephen King Universe*, *Dark Emmanuelle*, *Paving the Masters of Fear*, etc. (Covers feature include *Winter Solace*, *Extraterrestrial* Stephen Jones, Lovecraftian analyst Robert M. Price, and Lumley's wife Barbara and Lisa Riley). It is well written, but more than a bit self-serving.

Included in this companion is — a chronology of events in Lumley's life (as written by Lumley himself), a Lumley interview conducted by Weber, several essays, and a topic ranging from Lovecraftian links to a very minor article of Harry Kargh, bibliographies of novels, collections, short fiction, poetry and special editions, and companions compiled from his major works.

So for all the Lumley out there: The Brian Lumley Companion will give you all the answers you need to know — and perhaps more than you need to know. However, if you've never read Lumley before, or don't know the difference between a Kargh and a KarghCon then this book is NOT for you.

**Right to Life: a novella and Two Stories**  
(Clarion 610 328 4476, \$16.95, paperback)  
Jack Ketchum



Jack Ketchum is the pseudonym for Dallas William Miller, former literary agent, teacher, singer and skier. If you have not read one of Ketchum's books, you can perhaps be guided by Stephen King's introduction to Ketchum's *The Girl Next Door*: "the only two sure things in life are death and taxes, the old saying goes, but I can add a third: Disney Pictures will never make a movie out of a Jack Ketchum novel."

While I can safely say that I've grown tired of Stephen King quotes, I must say that in this case, I agree. Originally released by Cemetery Dance as a limited edition of 450 copies, *Right to Life* is one of Ketchum's most sought after books. Clarion has now released it as a good trade paperback to fill the appetites of Ketchum's hungry fans.

The plot: Sara Foster, three months pregnant with the child of her married lover, is kidnapped at from of an abortion clinic, by Stephen and Katherine Teach, a couple of sleazy "Right to Life's". These are no ordinary anti-abortion protesters — oh no. Picture the Margaret Sade entertaining Patsy Henry in his basement and you'll get the idea.

Stephen and Katherine are purportedly part of an ultra-right wing organization known as The Organization. The reader is introduced to one other person from The Organization (he's not around for too long), but the antagonists here are Stephen and Katherine. They know everything about Sara and her family and use this information to their advantage.

Sara becomes their slave, moving way Sara is tortured, placed in a coffin like box, beaten, battered, bruised, starved, impaled in a manner inside to clean the house (seriously?), and then some. It seems that Stephen and Katherine have some rather heave plans for adopting Sara's child. The theme of imprisonment and torture is not new to Ketchum. He used the same general narrative device to the same shocking effect in *The Girl Next Door*.

Is this over-the-edge? Deliberately? Is it page-turning? Absolutely! Reading Ketchum is like passing a bloody car crash on the New Jersey Turnpike. You've just got to see what's around the corner!

Also included in this book are two never before published short stories, *Brave Girl* and *Return*. These make a nice addition, but the real reason to own the book is to read *Right to Life* — you don't close your eyes as you pass the crash.



**I** Was A Teenage Werewolf, on A Teenage Frankenstein, Blood of Dracula, Men, Women & Monsters. There are very few 1950's horror films that are as well remembered as these near-legendary titles, and they represented only the proverbial tip of the iceberg in the amazing career of writer-producer-director Herman Cohen. The Detroit-born Cohen made his first films (including *Dracula of The Devils* and *Bela Lugosi Meets a Brooklyn Gorilla*) in the early 1950's during his association with Rouben Pictures branch Jack Bender and he continued to specialize in horror right up through the 1960's. This excerpt from Tom Weaver's new interview book *Double Feature: Creator of Atorok* (McFaul and & Co., Jefferson, North Carolina) is devoted to Cohen's four Teenage Monster movies of the 1950's, and is right timed to mark the coming anniversary of The Great Man's untimely 2002 passing after a pitched battle with cancer.

**TW:** You worked at Rouben Pictures with James H. Nicholson, who later founded American International Pictures.

**HC:** That was when I first met James Nicholson. Jim owned the Academy Theater on Hollywood Boulevard, and at one point he became very ill. He had to go to the hospital for a long period of time and when he came out of the hospital, he had lost his theater—he was a devastated man. At one time, Jim had been the manager—son of Jack Bender's L. A. stepson, so Jack, who liked him immediately as I met him, Herman, said "we was him in the company." He's terrific at advertising and publicity—I swear! So Jim worked virtually as my assistant at that time—he worked in advertising in our office during that period. And when I left Bender, Jim stayed and was promoted.

**TW:** You made the sci-fi adventure *Target Earth* for Allied Artists in 1954, and then a number of pictures for United Artists.

**HC:** [Producer] Leonard Goldblatt and his twin brother Bob had made a deal with United Artists to produce some pictures. Bob took was also involved because at that time he was Darryl Zanuck's son-in-law. Anyway, Leonard died and Max Youngstein, who was head of production at the time, needed a producer very badly. He had seen *Target Earth* and another picture of mine, *Magificent Amphoteris* (1956), and he'd seen the budgets. Robert Blumofé, who was an executive at U. A. said, "Max, you ought to talk to this kid Herman Cohen." So Youngstein interviewed me and to make a long story short, he signed a deal with me to produce five pictures for U. A. that Leonard Goldblatt was supposed to produce. They were: *The Brute Legend* (1956) with Hugh O'Brian, which was a Western; *Dance with Me, Mene* (1956) Abbott and Costello's last picture; *Fury At Sheshaan* (1957) with John Derek; and *Cross of Fear* (1957) with Barbara Stanwyck, Sterling Hayden, Raymond Burr and Virginia Grey. *Cross of Fear* got great reviews—some people said it was the best B-movie picture since *Double Indemnity* (1944) and all that. And it didn't do any business! I hadn't packed the stories, I was just under contract to produce 'em, but I felt terrible. So at the end of those four pictures, I wanted to go back to my own company.

It was during that time that Jim Nicholson left Jack Bender to form his own company Roger Christian had produced a film called *The Fast and the Furious* (1954) with Dorothy Malone and John Ireland and gave it to Jim to release, if he could get the franchise holders throughout the country. Jim formed a company at that time called American Releasing Corporation.

**TW:** Which later became AIP.

**HC:** Right, Jim wanted me to be his partner—Sam Arkoff would have never been around if I had been Jim's partner! "C'mon Jim and I were close personal friends—ever since I left Broder. He told me his ideas and this and that and I said, 'Jim, I can't come with you'—this was while I was in the midst of making those four pictures for U.A. "But anything you need—I told him 'any secretary, my stuff and I will help you.' In fact, we did all his mimeographing and everything else in my office."

Jim got an office at 6223 Selma in Hollywood, a one-room little office and in another one-room little office was this attorney with a big fat piggy Sam Arkoff. That's where Jim met Sam, in this building on Selma—Sam had a law office there. Jim told me that this attorney Arkoff said that if he got a piece of the company, he would do the contracts for him. That's how Jim and Sam got together.

**TW:** And you were in a position to work with them over *Crime of Passion* went bust.

**HC:** When *Crime of Passion* did not do business, I said, "Shit, I gotta do something quick to make some money." And Jim was asking me, "Herm, can you do a picture for us?" That's when I thought of doing a teenage werewolf picture. I felt that for a fledgling company which was trying to get the teenage market, it could be ideal. I came up with the title *Teenage Werewolf* and Jim Nicholson added *I Was a*. And that's how I got involved with *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*.



**TW:** Was Nicholson one to help creatively once a picture was underway?

**HC:** The only thing Jim had anything to do with was the advertising campaign. He had nothing to do with the script whatsoever, or with the making of the picture—I wrote it with Allen Kastle. Allen was one of my dearest friends and we worked very well together. To play the Teenage Werewolf, I signed Michael London to Herman Cohen Productions—and not just for one picture, I had him under personal contract for a multiple deal. But I released him to do *Benway*. I could have sold the contract, but I just ripped it up.

**TW:** Two other actors who supposedly were up for the Werewolf role were Scott Marlowe and John Ashley.

**HC:** Scott Marlowe was, but on the no-bonus and what have you. I felt that Michael London was the best. London was a hell of an actor, and he did a damn good motion. John Ashley was one of the up for *Teenage Werewolf*.

**TW:** He says he was and that you gave him a part in *How to Make a Monster* as a sort of consolation prize.

**HC:** That's a lot of crap. I never even heard of him at that time. John was a kid who came out here from Oklahoma with a lot of money—his [father] father was a very wealthy doctor. Jim Nicholson was going to use John as one of the AIP pictures, but it didn't work out. So when I was doing *How to Make a Monster* and it had a musical number scene, Jim said, "Herm, maybe you can use this John Ashley," because AIP had committed themselves to use him in something—Jim sent John over to my office, I liked him and we released him and that's how he was in *How to Make a Monster*. John was a nice guy, but he was never up for *Teenage Werewolf*.



**TM:** Do you think London did a good job?

Oh, he was marvelous. At first, we're his living in one room with this gal Doreen, who he's married, with her kid from a previous marriage. And they had one live or so kids in this one room. When I signed him, I took some of the Ranch Market, which was open twenty-four hours a day. Those days, we went through there and I bought him whatever he thought he could use to eat. I gave him a bag and a few on the way out. But when I drove him home, because he had no money, that time—he was looking, he was in high shape.

**TM:** And you got along with him well throughout the picture?

Oh, we got along great, long after the picture was finished, he used to come around to visit me at Raleigh Studios when they shot movies at Paramount. We were very close friends until I went to London to do *Murder of the Black Marston*. I was spending a great deal of time in London and he was busy at home and we sort of drifted apart. These things happen.

**TM:** Did he do all of his own stunts in the film?

Oh, he used to. In fact, we thought he had almost killed himself in that gym scene, when he ate after Davey Richards and jumped right into the bunch of men there. That was, Michael. It's funny, but when he had that makeup on, he said he felt like he was a coward. He was excellent. There was nothing he didn't do that we wanted him to do. In fact, he always wanted to do more.

**TM:** Was he wearing a mask or makeup?

Oh, it was actually makeup, but there were a couple of technicians on the side. Philip Schorr was a makeup guy who used to work at Universal—that's why I hired him, because he knew about the old Wolfman and Frankenstein makeup and what have you. He was like an assistant on those days there at Universal.

**TM:** Gene Fowler, Jr., directed *Tenace Werewolf*.

Oh, when I was going into *Tenace Werewolf*, I thought of Sherman as a flat throughout my life years, he was going through a divorce with his wife, and he was having a problem with his marriage to Kate, I had to make it interesting on *Tenace Werewolf* myself. I gave him some very rougher characters, and I did a lot of things on that too. He

London, joined by his dad and stepson on *Tenace Werewolf* set



was a very shy guy and his wife was pushing him, pushing him all the time to direct instead of act, she was a hell of a film editor! Gene Fowler, Jr., and his wife Marge were very close friends of mine and Gene Fowler wanted to direct—he hadn't directed any features before, he was a film editor. And I didn't know whether I should trust Sherman with *Tenace Werewolf* or not. So I looked at some of the stuff that Gene Fowler had cut, we sat and we talked and he made a long story short. I hired him as the director.

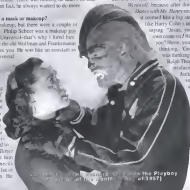
Gene Fowler's wife Marge is an Academy Award film editor by the way. I was the first producer in Hollywood to start having so many women for the editing room.

You've heard of Vera Field. She was vice-president at Universal, in charge of post-production for years. I gave her her first job, as the assistant sound effects editor on my four pictures for U. A. These people: Kate and Sherman Rose and Marge and Gene Fowler and Vera Field and I, we were all close personal friends in those days.

**TM:** Why did Allen Kazanik use pseudonyms in writing these early pictures for you?

Oh, Allen and I wrote the scripts together and used a joint pseudonym. The reason for that is, Allen at that time was doing a couple of big things at MGM and Warner, so therefore he couldn't use his own name. But I didn't feel happy using such a long pseudonym. So we decided not to use our real names. In fact, I almost did not use my real name as the producer of *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*, because after doing *Crisis of Personality* and *Dance with Me, Mervyn* and the other pictures at U. A., it seemed like a big step down. Friends of mine, like Harry Cohn's nephew Bobby Cohn, were saying, "Jesus, you're not going to use your own name on *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*, are you?" Well, you'll be amazed!" So I started thinking, "Gee, maybe I better not." I was thinking of using the pseudonym Ralph Thompson, as the writer and the producer. Then all of a sudden,

Jack Benny, Bob Hope and various other comedians got ahold of the title and they started making fun of it. We started getting calls from *Time* magazine and *Look* magazine, and they wanted to talk to the producer of *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*. My secretary Donna Heydt (who was the wife of Louis Jean Heydt, the actor) said, "Herman, what do I tell em?" Well, when *Time*, *Look* and *Life* started



On the left: Gene Fowler, Jr. On the right: The Playboy "Playmate of the Month" (May, 1957)



willful" but the producer, I decided that the producer was going to be Norman Cohen.

**TW:** Did you get along well with *Wes Craven*?

**HC:** He was terrific in *Teenage Werewolf* and *I Was a Teenage Frankenstein* too. I just recently saw him at the Motion Picture Home, he and Allen Kandel are both out there and I had lunch with 'em a couple weeks ago. [Kandel died 1/28/93] Wes Craven is a great shape still. Wes was terrific to work with, a great gentleman. And even now, at the Motion Picture Home, what a nice guy! He's a class man, you ought to see how he is with the other older people at the Home. He even does their shopping across the street at the drug store for 'em.

**TW:** Was *I Was a Teenage Werewolf* called *Blood of the Werewolf* at any time?

**HC:** [Emphatically.] Never. In reference books, I've seen that and a couple other names for it, too. It was titled *Teenage Werewolf* from the beginning—I still have the original script. Jim Nicholson worked on the advertising campaign himself, came up and showed me a print ad on *I Was a Teenage Werewolf* and I said, "Jim, that's a genius." We made the picture for under \$150,000 and it grossed over \$2 million in the first two weeks.

**TW:** Where was *Teenage Werewolf* shot?

**HC:** We did all of it at Ziv in West Hollywood, where I had offices at the time. The high school was just a block away. The woods and all that were Bronson Canyon.

**TW:** Were you on the set much?

**HC:** All the time. I'm on the sets of all my pictures, all the time. If I'm not on the set, then my associate or my assistant or somebody is there, so if anything happens where they need me, they can call me and get me there right away.

**TW:** And that's why you're on a lot of these pictures, in bit parts?

**HC:** [Laughs.] No that was just for fun—a lot of the producers and



Gary Conway and Wes Craven on the *Teenage Frankenstein* set.

directors do that. Sometimes I forget which picture I'm in.

**TW:** *Teenage Werewolf* has an excellent music score by Paul Dunlap.

**HC:** Paul was a very underrated composer. I used Paul in a lot of pictures, in fact prior to *Werewolf* Paul did *Target Earth*, *Crime of Passion* and lots others for me. I got along with him very well because I'm very involved in music and with all my music composers, Paul would have his a hell of a top composer but he was always involved with my scenes and always and he always had to work. So he would take anything that came his way. In my opinion, that really hurt him. He was also Sam Fuller's favorite composer.

Speaking of composers, I gave Elmer Bernstein one of his first pictures. He did *Battle of Chief Pontiac*, where I was with Jack Broder. I met Elmer Bernstein at Schenck's Drug Store. I was having breakfast there and a friend came over and said, "Helen, I want you to meet this new young composer from New York." "Hah, hah, hah. We met, we talked and he wanted to know if I could someday come up to his place in Laurel Canyon and listen to some of his music which I did, I was very impressed. So I introduced him to Jack Broder. Elmer's a very short guy—5'3" or 5'6" or something. Jack was a very small man too, but Elmer was even shorter than Jack! And I'll never forget Jack, with his hand in his pants (he always put his right hand in his pants as he was talking), saying to me with his little Yiddish accent, "Norman, where did you find this kid?" He's a kid!" I told him, "Jack, we can get him very cheap," and he got all excited, "Cheap?" How much for the score?" Elmer did a hell of a score for us for *Battle of Chief Pontiac*.

**TW:** Did you see the *Highway to Heaven* TV episode where Michael Landon did his takeoff on *Teenage Werewolf*?

**HC:** Yes, I did, because we skayed it and sold them the print of film that they used. I thought it was fun. I don't know what the



Gary Conway being worked on by makeup man Phil Schaefer for *Teenage Frankenstein*.

were like on that particular episode, but since they were very high because I believe it must've cost several takes.

**TW:** [Did you have a multiple picture deal with CBS?

**HC:** Yes, a buy-out picture by picture. I never signed a multiple picture deal. Believe me, it was. If any pictures had dropped dead, Jim and I—people, which at that time was Sam Arkoff, Joe Meeke and I, oh, would have said, "Haha, we're not gonna do any more pictures."

**TW:** Sam Arkoff tells the story that a big Texas exhibitor asked for two new AIP horror pictures on Labor Day, and that *I Was a Teenage Frankenstein* and *Blood of Dracula* were ready for him by Thanksgiving.

**HC:** That's true. *Werewolf* did terrific—in fact, the big Interstate circuit in Texas kicked it off and it just did great. I made personal appearances in Dallas, Houston and Austin. Bob

O'Donnell [the head of Interstate] said to me, "If we can get another picture like this, I'll give you the Thanksgiving date." So in discussing this with Jim Nicholson, I said, "What if I did *I Was a Teenage Frankenstein*?" and Jim said, "Great!" I came up with the original story and got Alan in with me on the screenplay. And then we said, "Haha, if you've got a second fear we go back-to-back with *Frankenstein*," so "I'll have the whole program! We won't have a date with one of the majors." So that's when I came up with *Blood of Dracula*, and we shot the two virtually back-to-back. O'Donnell gave us Thanksgiving in the entire circuit, with the kickoff with *Minotaur* in Dallas.

**TW:** Herbert L. Strick directed the pair of 'ems.

**HC:** Herb was directing some Ziv TV shows at the time. *Highway 66* with Brod Crawford, a *West Point* show, so on and so forth. It was on the lot when I met him and I felt that he was a director I could get along with and work with. He was fast and quick, that was what we needed—those were budget pictures.

**TW:** *Teenage Frankenstein* doesn't go over nearly as well as *Teenage Werewolf*.

**HC:** Both *Frankenstein* and *Blood of Dracula* were written and pro-



duced by the camera in rolls four weeks in order to make that Thanksgiving date. And there was a shortage of money at the time. So I had to really, really cut down.

**TW:** So you made *Teenage Frankenstein* very unconvincing in certain ways.

**HC:** And *Blood of Dracula*, too. Well, we got out of the house a little on *Blood of Dracula*, although it was just outside the lawn [laughs].

**TW:** On *Teenage Frankenstein*, where did you shoot the scenes with the alligator?

**HC:** At Ziv, which is where we shot the whole thing. Again, this is going back. We got the alligator from the Dumas Park Alligator Farm and it was an alligator that they had brought in from Texas. There it was owned by a guy that owned a roadside eat-in a small town outside of Dallas. He would have a woman who had no family, he would hang out with her and what have you and then when he got tired of her he would throw her in a pool as his husband where he had his alligator. That alligator had killed about seven women that's a true story! And when I needed an alligator in *I Was a Teenage Frankenstein*, that's the one they sent me!

**TW:** You shot that conclusion in color, which was very novel.

**HC:** At that time I thought that was quite expensive. We couldn't afford to make the picture in color, so I came up with that idea, and I called Jim Nicholson also letting me spend a few extra bucks.

**TW:** Did you think Gary Conway did a good job in *Teenage Frankenstein*?

**HC:** He was did—he did a very good job. In fact, I changed his name to Gary Conway. His name was Gauthier Connolly, and I thought that was just too clumsy. I sat down with his mother and father, they were school teachers who came to meet the producers, and we changed his name to Gary Conway. Again, it was Philip Schoer doing the makeup, it was an operation in about four parts.

**TW:** Do you stand by that *Frankenstein*'s makeup today, despite all the criticism it's gotten?

**HC:** [Contemptuously.] Of course! Criticism never bothered me—I



couldn't care less. Critics have to write something.

**TW:** Didn't you ever run into problems with the censors on these older pictures?

**HC:** Oh, sure we did! There were things that we had to cut out, but I can't recall what they were. It was a pain-and-take-sometimes-A-wonderful-guy-named-Geoffrey-Shaerlock-used-to-be-the-head-of-the-MPPAA-out-here-on-the-West-Coast. He was head of it for twenty-five years, and of course everything had to be submitted to him—scripts in advance, and then the rough cuts when the pictures were done. Geoffrey and I became pretty good friends.

Take a look at my pictures. In my horror films, I never went for the *Frankenstein*-Manson-type of blood and guts and scaring stomachs out and what have you. Most of my horror I did with sound effects and music. You thought you were seeing what you were not seeing.

**TW:** I thought I saw a smashed and bloody disembodied leg and head in *Strange Frankenstein*.

**HC:** Oh, yes, but that wasn't really horror. I used to tell Geoffrey Shaerlock, "Come on, Geoff, I'm doing this as good as I can!" [laughs] and I told him once, "I have a lot of fights with him stuff, so I always had to think everything with him directly."

**TW:** Why doesn't Whit Bissell try for a British accent when he's playing a British Dr. Frankenstein?

**HC:** Actually, it depends upon the ear of the listener. Even today, when I talk to him at the Motion Picture Home, he sounds English to me. I spent the equivalent of fifteen years in England and it depends what part of England you're from. He didn't have to talk like a Cockney or like the Royal Family to be "British." In the later pictures that I did with Michael Gough, I would try to have Michael talk "real-Ashley" so it wouldn't be too British even though he was British!

**TW:** At the end of *Terrence Frankenstein*, there are credits in Whit Bissell's lab addressed to 113 Wardour Street, London. Was that an in-joke reference to Hammer Film, which was headquartered there?

**HC:** Yes, that was the address of my office which was in the same building! Max Cuthbert and Stuart Legg, who were my partners in England, had the fourth floor at 113 and Hammer had the sixth floor. James Carrara, the head of Hammer Film, was a wonderful friend of mine.

**TW:** Six of your films had a teenage misadventurer or transformed into a monster by an evil adult. What was it about that formula that worked for you?

**HC:** I have always felt that most teenagers think that adults—their parents or their teachers, anyone that was older and that had authority—were the culprits in their lives. I know I felt that way when I was a teenager and in talking to many teenagers, I found out that that was how they felt even today. I haven't changed, you know? So, in doing pictures, primarily for the teenage audience, I thought that theme would strike them just right.

**TW:** And in some of your early pictures, you even had the songs and the musical moments for the teenage audience.

**HC:** I've always believed that, in making a horror picture, you gotta give the audience something to laugh at before you let 'em

**TW:** *Blood of Dracula* was also shot at Ziv.

**HC:** And also at a house I rented, somewhere in Beverly Hills, that was the school in the picture. AIP didn't have its own studios or soundstages. When I did *Hiss to Make a Monster*, I got up the sign that said AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL. AIP DMOS over the gate, but that's actually Ziv. In fact [laughs], they left the sign up long after the picture was over, so Jan and I can't bring people to Ziv all the time, as though it was their studio!

**TW:** How did you go about rounding up the teenage casts of these movies?

**HC:** We'd just put a call out to agents, and they submitted various young actors and actresses. I auditions those that I thought I wanted to audition and that's how I'd pick the casts. It's the way I pick any cast for any film.

**TW:** Herbert Sorek told me you had reservations about casting Sandra Harrison play the lead in *Blood of Dracula*.

**HC:** Well, I didn't have reservations about her originally. If I did, I wouldn't have signed her as the lead. But she was a pain as the ass on the set, we got started.

**TW:** When the Film Forum Theater in New York City recently exhibited *Blood of Dracula*, the called the theater frantically begging them not to show it.

**HC:** Once I signed her, she suddenly thought she was Joan Crawford, which she wasn't [laughs]. As her character went through, she was fine. I wasn't too excited about the picture itself, personally, but it was going to be the second feature to *I Was a Teenage Frankenstein*. I had to get it done and get everything ready before Thanksgiving for the opening in Texas. So I then make made in a lot of things that I did with *Blood of Dracula* because I had to show-here rush it out.

**TW:** Louise Lewis was good in *Blood of Dracula*, as the evil teacher.

**HC:** What's she? I had used her



CAST: HARRISON... LIVES... GATLEY... BLAKE...  
MUSIC BY: [illegible]... COSTUME DESIGNER: [illegible]...  
EDITED BY: [illegible]... PRODUCTION DESIGNER: [illegible]...





**Q:** You were the principal in *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*, so, in fact, that's why I used her in *Blood of Dracula*, because she was so good in that first small part.

**TW:** Why did you invoke the Dracula name in the title? Why not *I Was a Teenage Vampire*?

**HC:** Because I thought *Blood of Dracula* was a damn good title. In fact, Jimmy Carsons tried to get me to change it [laughs]. He called me from London and he said [growling]: "How dare you use 'vampire' Dracula's my title!" I said, "When do you mean 'your title'?" He said, "You forget about Universal?" How about this picture and this picture? "What are you going to do this for, Jim?" [Laughs].

**TW:** A two-in-one follow-up to *Teenage Werewolf* and *Teenage Frankenstein* was a great idea. Who came up with *How to Make a Monster*?

**HC:** That was completely my idea. Many nights I would leave the studio late and at that time you didn't have good security like we do



now. Now we have so many guards they bump into each other [laughs]. But at that time, studios used to be very dark at night—a light here, a light there. And I thought to myself, "Gee, what a great spot to do a horror film." There were several studios at that time that were being taken over by conglomerates, so I thought that would be a good plot for it. I knocked out the original story and I hired Allen Kandel to do the screenplay with me.

**TW:** Why Gary Clarke instead of Michael Landon as the Teenage Werewolf?

**HC:** I was very pissed off at Landon, because I wanted him to do *How to Make a Monster* and he wouldn't. Michael got a lot of training for doing *Teenage Werewolf* from all the young actors in that period. We had a whole group that used to meet at the Cook 'n Bull for Sunday brunch. Natalie Wood and Robert Wagner, Jeffrey Hunter, Tim Hunter, Ed "Kooker" Byrne, and the gal that married him, Ann Wojtowicz—it was a

Robert H. Harris

Gary Clarke on the backlot with a couple of extras



real fan crowd. Anyway, when *Teenage Wierd* off first came out, Michael was ribbed like crazy, because at that time they all wanted to be famous actors. When I approached Michael with *How to Make a Monster*, I certainly felt, for want of his career and getting him all this publicity, that he should have done it before. And he didn't want to do it? So, like I said, I became pissed off at him at the time. But then, of course, everything got smoothed over. I was an 18-year-old kid, and Mark, who was in a couple of years later and everything else, TW; so Gary Clarke took over as the *Teenage Werewolf*. HC: Gary Clarke had the same slight, thin build as London, and the same contour of the head. So Phil Scheer was able to do all same makeup that he did for *Teenage Wierd* off on Gary. Clarke Clarke did all right, he

was very cooperative and of course Gary Conway was too. And Robert H. Harris, who played the crazy makeup artist, was a dream. A marvelous Broadway actor and a wonderful man personally. I wish I had had more things for him to do. I had seen him in a picture where he wore real thick glasses and he was playing a crazy guy who tried to start fires. I said to myself, 'Who is that guy?' I wanted for the cost of character at the end, got his name, and when I was about to do *How to Make a Monster*, I called him in.

**THE** Any anecdotes about the fire scene?

HC: It was tough to do and we had to do it in one take. Going from black and white to color is the end of *Teenage*

...cinematists had worked so well that I decided to do it again. When Hume takes me two boys into his house in How to Make a Monster, I went to color again (as in those to the end of the picture, about ten minutes. I thought the dummies and the wearing of the masks—all of Hume's children on the sets—would look better in color, which it did. That making was talked about by a lot of critics.

**TW:** Were the two studio executives in *How to Make a Monster* meant to make both word insiders think of Nicholson and Arkoff?

**HC:** No. In fact, let me tell you something. I never thought of Sam Arkoff in any way shape or form in those days. He had nothing to do with the making of the picture. The fact that I went to AIP was because of my relationship with Jon Nicholson.

**TW:** In making your AIP horror movies, did you suspect that in thirty or forty years they'd still have fans, and that some of them would be playing at the Museum of Modern Art?

**HC:** No, never, never once. Never thought of it. But, let's face it, as long as there are new electronic devices being invented, who knows where our pictures are going to end up? I think it goes without saying that I'm very, very pleased.



Cohen with co-writer of *How to Make a Monster*



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